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THE MINISTRY.

MR. LABOUCHERE thinks that the present Government is utterly discredited; and this, of course, means nothing more and nothing less than that Mr. LABOUCHERE would very much like it to be discredited. But other persons who speak with a less transparent and childlike intention wish it apparently to be understood that, in their opinion, the Government is discredited. We hold no brief for Ministers; a fact which seems to puzzle a good many people who cannot understand the attitude of impartial criticism. Neither do we hold any brief against them, which seems to puzzle others still more. In reference to what is called their Irish surrender, it is indeed necessary to protest against the exaggeration which, in this case as in others, tends to make modern politics one huge Fable of the Three Black Crows. It is nonsense, and not very honest nonsense, to describe the present PRIME MINISTER as governing by grace of Mr. PARNELL. In the first place, there is no evidence of the fact; and, in the second, the responsibility is clearly on the shoulders of that Liberal majority which is strong enough, if it chooses, to outvote Tories and Parnellites together. Lord SALISBURY's language on Tuesday night in reference to the late Viceroy of Ireland has been generally admitted to be all that it should be, and when it is mournfully contrasted with the language of the leader of the House of Commons eight days ago, it is possible that those who contrast it speak in good faith. If, however, they will take the trouble to turn over a few pages of the file of whatsoever newspaper they like, they will find that there is nothing in Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's words in the least degree jarring with Lord SALISBURY's. Of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL the same cannot be said, but Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's views and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's views on Ireland were perfectly well known long ago. The error of the Government attitude towards the Irish party, an error which we have consistently condemned, is an error of attitude rather than of positive commission. They have granted nothing that Lord SPENCER might not have granted—hardly anything that he did not actually grant. Their error, at least in the Lower House, has been an error of omission, an error of neglecting to testify against Mr. PARNELL and all his works. It would have been very much better if they had testified against Mr. PARNELL and all his works, if only because it would have been amusing to hear the denunciations of their irreconcilableness which would have come from the very lips which now sneer at their conciliation. We do not think that it would have done them the least harm; we believe that it would have done them much good. And, when we say that hitherto the evidence to show any real bargaining with disloyalty has been purely negative, we state an historical fact, which has nothing to do with our own regret that a more straightforward and manly policy of defiance has not been adopted.

The atmosphere, however, of such debates as that of Friday in last week on Ireland, and that of Tuesday in this week on the Medical Relief Bill, is very far from a bracing or a healthy atmosphere. To speak with perfect frankness, a purely cynical observer could not possibly have a study likely to please him better than the last-mentioned discussion. Even of the virtuous few who followed Mr. COURTNEY a considerable number relatively seem to have been actuated chiefly by a haunting and very naïvely-expressed fear that the enfranchised recipient of medical relief would be likely

to "go Tory." In the majority of the House, from the leaders of both sides downwards, no attempt was made to conceal the fact that the measure is a sop to the democratic Cerberus which neither party dare refuse. With a very few exceptions, represented by Mr. COURTNEY on the one side and Mr. READ on the other among the dissidents, and by a few—probably a very few—among the majority, nobody seems to have entertained, or cared to pretend to entertain, a thought of the right and wrong of the measure, or of its effect upon the country for good or for ill. The prevailing demoralization affected the Opposition just as much as the Government benches, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's renewed attempt to make party capital out of it was not only what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is frequently, factious and ill-conditioned, but what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN less frequently is, simply silly. We are not quite certain that a debate in the WALPOLE-NEWCASTLE times, when members were known to speak with five-hundred-pound notes in their pockets, would have been a much less edifying sight than either of the debates to which reference has been made, and especially the latter of the two. And if we leave St. Stephen's and go elsewhere there is not much reassurance to be obtained from the utterances of public men. Mr. TREVELYAN repeats at Colchester the stale clap-trap, worthy only of a Radical vestryman, about the idle aristocrats who pass their nights in Belgravia and their days in Pall Mall. Sir CHARLES DILKE tries to show at Chiswick how good and united the Liberals are, how bad and disunited the Conservatives. And, by way of retiring discreetly from the admittedly false charge which (by mistake of course) he made against Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH some weeks ago, Sir CHARLES says that "the bias of Sir MICHAEL's "mind would be towards increasing the tea tax." It is impossible, of course, to deny this; for we cannot adjust the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on an operating table, and lay bare the bias of his mind with scalpel and bistoury. But it is certainly singular to find one statesman making a charge against another, not that he has said this or done that, but that the bias of his mind is towards this or that.

While, then, we do not for a moment pretend that the spirit of crookedness and compromise and sacrifice of principle and fear to speak out is limited to the Government, or is displayed by them more strongly than by their opponents, we do most heartily regret that Ministers have not taken a more courageous line in several questions, from the question of governing Ireland by the strong hand to the question of selling obscene literature in the street. In the main, no doubt, the charge against them of merely following their predecessors is an idle one. It is not true to begin with, and it would be only conditionally important if it were true. The modern Radical party is not remarkable for literature, and it would probably be vain to remind it of certain remarks of SWIFT's about this very charge of continuing the policy of predecessors. But to this point no sensible man attaches the least importance, the cry being one indifferently used by persons at a loss for an argument on either side, and being with hardly an exception futile in every case:—in Mr. GLADSTONE's no less than in Lord SALISBURY's, in Lord SALISBURY's no less than in Mr. GLADSTONE's. But what may really be desired in the attitude of Ministers is a firmer and more distinct attitude in domestic affairs, an attitude corresponding to that which they are believed very happily to have taken up in foreign affairs. Nobody, we suppose, even among the most credulous or hotheaded of Radicals, really believes that Lord CARNARVON

will be found presiding at an Inner Circle meeting, or even that any Conservative member will have to play the part of Captain O'SHEA, or that if the other Captain—Captain MOONLIGHT—makes a fresh appearance, he will be treated with the feebleness of five years ago. But the fault is that room has been made for very hot-headed or very unscrupulous persons to represent such things as likely. In the same way Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR is not likely to propose a scheme for giving every labourer an annuity of fifty pounds a year charged on the Consolidated Fund, or Sir RICHARD CROSS to arrange for the issue by the Stationery Office of cheap editions of the masterpieces of the Marquis DE SADE. But the Medical Relief Bill (which at the time of writing appears to have brought about a very unsettled and somewhat retributory condition of things) and the singular attitude of the HOME SECRETARY towards certain malefactors have in the same way given occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. *She Stoops to Conquer* is no doubt an excellent play, though a leading American journal not long ago pronounced it "a poor thing in the way of literature, and very far below our American standard of good society." But there is a natural dislike to seeing it played on the floor of the House of Commons, even at the end of a Session and in circumstances of almost unexampled difficulty and temptation to gain time.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

THE debate in the House of Lords on the Land Purchase Bill exhausted, as is usual with that Assembly, the reasons for and against the measure. The doubts which are unavoidably entertained as to its practical success were accurately stated by the Duke of ARGYLL; but he could not, if he had wished to do so, have imputed to the Government any extravagant confidence in the experiment which is to be tried. Lord CARLINGFORD reproached the DUKE with his reference to the Land Act as the principal cause of the present unsaleableness of Irish land. As a principal adviser and assistant of Mr. GLADSTONE in framing the Land Act and in carrying it through Parliament, Lord CARLINGFORD may be excused for holding that its operation has, on a balance of considerations, done more good than harm; but the immediate question was not as to its effect on the whole community, but whether it had reduced the landlords to a condition in which they cannot relieve themselves by parting with their property. Lord CARLINGFORD would scarcely support the present Bill if he were not convinced that the present state of things renders extraordinary remedies indispensable. The late Viceroy of Ireland, though he expressed doubts as to the expediency of some of the provisions of the Bill, on the whole determined to support it. He had a year ago probably taken part in the preparation of Mr. TREVELYAN's Bill, which differs mainly from the present measure by the scheme of a local guarantee. Lord SALISBURY gave conclusive reasons against the reproduction of the guarantee, which would not become more practicable if the local government project of the late Government were to be established by law. General satisfaction will have been caused by Lord SALISBURY's just and eloquent tribute to the ability, the courage, and the patriotic disinterestedness of Lord SPENCER's Irish administration. Having retired from his high office, Lord SPENCER could not fail in his Parliamentary capacity to consult the true interests of Ireland without regard to party feeling.

The Bill may perhaps have difficulties to encounter in the House of Commons; but the Government has done its best to procure the sanction of Parliament, and to render the measure efficient if it is passed. Though the admission of the LORD CHANCELLOR of Ireland to the Cabinet is unprecedented, and though his elevation to the peerage is unusual, no appointment has been more generally approved than that of Lord ASHBORNE. If he succeeds in his present undertaking, he will have still further justified his promotion. Lord SPENCER expressed with the authority due to his position and his public services the cordial sympathy of his late colleagues and his party with the attempt to render Irish land marketable. Lord ASHBORNE's Bill is, in fact, with one important exception, nearly the same which Mr. TREVELYAN had intended to introduce in the Session of 1884. The whole purchase-money is to be advanced to the tenant who wishes to acquire the freehold; but Lord ASHBORNE, probably for good reasons, abandons the proposal of a local guarantee. It is more than doubtful whether any such security could be obtained, and it is

still more uncertain whether it could be enforced. Some Irish Corporations have succeeded up to the present time in repudiating their legal liabilities. The local governing bodies of the future will not be more amenable to moral or legal control. The provision which Lord ASHBORNE substitutes for Mr. TREVELYAN's local guarantee requires a deposit of 20 per cent. of the total amount of purchase-money to remain in the hands of the Land Commission till an equal sum has been paid in instalments by the purchaser. At first sight it might seem that the arrangement is inconsistent with the offer of an advance of the whole amount, yet it is admitted that no scheme which requires tenants to pay down any portion of the purchase-money is likely to be successful. The BRIGHT clauses of the Act of 1870 authorized an advance of two-thirds. In eleven years, according to Lord ASHBORNE, only 870 peasant-proprietors were called into existence under the Act. The Land Act of 1881, which increased the percentage of advances from two-thirds to three-fourths, has only produced 733 purchasers. There is no reason to suppose that an offer of four-fifths would be more effective, and it is now taken for granted that tenants will not buy if any portion of the advance is withheld under the name of a deposit. The third clause of the Bill shows that the new form of security is not to be provided by the purchasing tenant. "Any person wishing to secure the repayment of an advance made by the Land Commission to a tenant who is purchasing his holding . . . may deposit with the Land Commission such sum, as a guarantee deposit, not being less than one-fifth of the advance, as may be agreed upon between himself and the Land Commission." Three per cent. will be paid by the Commission on the deposit, as long as it is retained, and when the instalments paid by the tenant amount to one-fifth of the purchase-money, the deposit will be paid over to the person entitled thereto. It is, therefore, the landlord and not the tenant who is expected to find the deposit, or rather to postpone the date at which he will receive a part of the purchase-money. His interest in completing the transaction will probably, in ordinary cases, reconcile him to the temporary investment of a fifth of the price of his land at three per cent. The advisers of the Government have satisfied themselves that the proposed security will be sufficient.

If the Land Purchase Bill is passed, its practical operation will be watched with grave anxiety. The failure of previous experiments is chiefly to be attributed to the uncertainty in which recent legislation has involved all proprietary rights in Ireland. It remains to be seen whether more liberal terms will induce occupiers to exchange a vague hope of gratuitous acquisition for a certain and indisputable title to their holdings. If the purchasers whom Lord ASHBORNE hopes to tempt by his offers were allowed to exercise an unbiassed judgment, many of them would probably prefer a legal and peaceable process to a lawless expropriation of unoffending owners. Some of the more far-sighted tenants would not fail to reflect that behind the class which has acquired fixity of tenure at the expense of the former proprietors stands the whole of the landless population. The labourers drove the farmers out of a meeting lately held, and proceeded to give cheers for the landlords. The occurrence was perhaps a result of exceptional circumstances; but it indicates the approach of a conflict which cannot be long postponed. The demagogues of the National League are well aware that every pretext for spoliation which has been devised for the benefit of the farmers may be as plausibly used in aid of claims which will be preferred by the labourers. Possession under sanction of law and custom gives in civilized countries sufficient title to land or to any other kind of property; but the Irish tenant-farmers have been enabled to disregard the rights of hereditary owners and of purchasers who had trusted in the good faith of Parliament. They will command little sympathy if they are in turn compelled to share their holdings with the labourers, who have in many cases shared in outrages perpetrated at the instigation of occupiers. One of the most formidable promoters of plunder and anarchy, DAVITT, who founded the Land League, has never recognized the right of the actual occupiers to a permanent monopoly of the soil.

For the present DAVITT is more immediately concerned with the complete ruin and extirpation of the landlords. It would be well if he and his disciples would confine themselves to argumentative denunciation of the folly of tenants who may pay a price for a reversion which, according to

DAVITT, will fall of itself into their hands. Freedom of action, merely tempered by ridicule, in agrarian relations, would be repugnant to the traditions of the Land League. No secret is made of the intention to boycott, and in case of need to impose further penalties on, occupiers who may seek honestly to acquire the fee simple of their lands. DAVITT exhorts his followers to adhere to the principles and practice of the Land League, as it flourished before the enactment of the Crimes Act and the vigorous and fearless administration of the law by Lord SPENCER. Those who purchase what their leaders invite them to steal will be stigmatized as traitors to their order; and there is too much reason to fear that terror may prevail over a legitimate wish to profit by legislative bounty. Mr. PARNELL and the Parliamentary section of the National League have not yet declared their intentions; but there can be little doubt that the Land Purchase Bill will be exposed to formidable opposition. If the controversy admitted of the free expression of a dispassionate judgment, grave objections might be raised to the Land Purchase Bill from the opposite quarter; but the proposition that the annihilation of the upper and middle classes will not tend to the benefit of Ireland or to the security of the Union, though undoubtedly true, has no practical importance. The country will have to dispense with capital and labour as well as with the social services of a resident gentry. The payment of rack rents in the form of purchase-money of tenant-right, borrowed in many cases at ruinous interest, will cause general and increasing distress; but the aristocratic element has already lost the beneficial influence which it ought to exercise. A more serious political danger is to be apprehended from the substitution of the State for the body of private landowners. Reluctance to discharge legal obligations will be more than ever identified with political disaffection. Every demand for a reduction of rent will take the form of seditious agitation; and Irish demagogues supported by English adventurers will promise relief from pecuniary burdens as an incident of separation. The answer to objections, of which all are plausible and some are just, is that some change is necessary. A proper precaution has been taken against inconvenient pressure on the Treasury by the provision which limits advances under the Bill to five millions. Before a further outlay is required useful experience will have been gained.

COMING ELECTIONS IN FRANCE.

FRENCHMEN are apparently looking to the coming general election with an acute feeling that it will be very important in its consequences, but with no distinct ideas as to what it is going to decide. The fact that it will be held under the system known as *Scrutin de liste* has no appreciable effect in increasing the nervousness of politicians. That method of choosing deputies is plausibly credited with giving great effect to what is called the expression of the national will, but it is upon one condition. There must be some one candidate of sufficient popularity to secure election in a great number of districts. Since GAMBETTA's death there has been no such candidate in France. M. FERRY is already used up. The Duc DE BROGLIE himself has not been more hopelessly left behind. M. BRISSON has been cruelly hurried into office too soon, and is being visibly consumed. M. CLÉMENTEAU, indeed, is still intact, and is even on the growing hand, but he is as yet scarcely ripe for consumption. His part in the approaching election will certainly be great, but he is scarcely as yet in a position to override all possible competitors, and unless a politician starts with that advantage, he cannot hope to profit very much by *Scrutin de liste*. In the absence of the single person who seems to be becoming more and more indispensable in France as well as elsewhere, now that the people are at last free, there is no party which can face the election with the faintest hope of coming out with a majority. The parties are numerous, and none of them are strong. There are Royalists, orthodox and heterodox; there are Bonapartists, heterodox and orthodox; and there are Republicans of many shades, concerning whom it is impossible to decide whether they belong to the true Church or not, simply because nobody has yet settled the true faith of a French Republican to the satisfaction of anybody except himself. All these parties have to face the general election with the certainty that none of them can beat all the others, and a strong probability that some of them will lose ground.

In this state of division the hope of making a coalition is found to give some consolation to puzzled politicians. Accordingly the papers have been full of schemes for coalitions for some time past. M. HERVÉ has had a scheme, and so has M. SPULLER. The first of these gentlemen, who has no equal in Europe in the art of making ingenious political combinations which would be admirable if only human nature were not what it is, has drawn up a scheme for a general Conservative campaign against the Radicals. He is not pedantic in his use of the words. He is quite prepared to accept the moderate Republicans as Conservatives, and only asks them to join him in supporting a list of candidates pledged to fight the common enemy. Unfortunately this scheme of M. HERVÉ's, like so many more of his ingenious plans, has fallen through because his own party dislike it and other parties reject it with decision. The convinced Royalists will have none of it, on the ground that they decline to acknowledge the present form of government by working with its supporters. What they dislike is not a particular party among the Republicans, but the Republic. The moderate Republicans again point out to M. HERVÉ that if he thinks the Radicals can be beaten with their help, the most effectual way open to him to strengthen their hands is to join them. Both agree in pointing out that, even if the coalition were formed and were successful at the elections, it could not produce a majority, because its various members would be found to be as much divided as ever when the Chambers met. M. SPULLER, again, has drawn up a programme which was to bind its supporters to all that divides Republicans the least—something which M. RIBOT, M. RANC, and M. PAUL BERT could all sign. This plan had this, at least, in its favour, that the politicians who were asked to sign it were agreed as to the form of government. They are, however, sufficiently divided to be unable to unite on the lines laid down by M. SPULLER. When M. PAUL BERT found he was asked to put his hand to a document binding him to oppose the venturesome imprudence of certain friends of the Republic, he declined. He observed, as it would seem with some acrimony, that he is what the moderate men call a venturesome and imprudent person. M. RIBOT, again, disliked the programme because it went too far with M. PAUL BERT, and when it was further modified, or rather strengthened, to suit that gentleman, he, too, went on his way and spoke for himself at Saint Pol. M. SPULLER's coalition has therefore fallen through as completely as M. HERVÉ's, and it is clear that all the French parties will be free to fight at the approaching election each for its own hand. Meanwhile there is one French politician who is quite prepared for the part of HAL of the Wynd. M. CLÉMENTEAU has been telling the people of Bordeaux that he will have no share in any coalition. So much is plain, and it implies a good deal. It means that, whatever may be the case with other politicians, M. CLÉMENTEAU has no doubt of his power to form and lead a party. The reception given to his speech leaves no doubt that a great many voters are of the same opinion. If, as seems very probable, his confidence is justified by the return of a considerable body of Deputies bound to give him a general support, something will be done towards replacing the present feeble disunion of the Chamber by a healthier state of things. There will at least be a strong party in it working for a more or less definite object. That is so far a good thing; but it is quite another question whether the end M. CLÉMENTEAU is likely to fight for is one which will bring with it a definite political settlement for France. It is not easy to learn from his speech exactly what things M. CLÉMENTEAU wishes to see done. After the manner of his countrymen, he dealt very largely in generalities, but it is sufficiently plain that his intention is to go very much nearer to what is acceptable to the Radicals than any French statesman has gone hitherto, except in an openly revolutionary period. His programme was summed up in his declaration that, since France has the Republic, it should have Republican institutions, and that its rulers should make a proper use of that magnificent instrument, universal suffrage. There is no sort of doubt what this language means. If M. CLÉMENTEAU were asked why any institution, which in this case means method of administration, should be more Republican than another, he might find it difficult to give an answer which would be satisfactory to anybody accustomed to weigh the meanings of words, but it is not to such hearers that he speaks. When he tells a French audience that the existing system of administration, the institutions which regulate the life of the nation, are not Republican, he may be sure of being believed by a great

majority. Royalists and Bonapartists insist with absolute truth that France is really governed by institutions which are the work of the monarchy before and after the Revolution, or of the Emperor NAPOLEON. They drew the deduction that the Republic is an absurd and unnatural form of government. The deduction of the extreme Republicans is that in a properly constructed Republic a clean sweep would be made of the work of other forms of government. Frenchmen who contrive to reconcile acceptance of the Republic with approval of Royalist institutions which are good in themselves are a minority equally hateful to both extremes.

The guesses made as to the numerical results of the approaching general election are by their very nature untrustworthy, and indeed it matters very little what the exact voting power of any given party may be in the next Chamber, since it is certain that none of them can obtain a working majority. It seems to be generally agreed that M. CLÉMENTEAU's followers will hold the balance, and that is enough to show what the character of the new Chamber will be. For all practical purposes it will be Radical. It will be in the power of the advanced Republicans to put pressure on whatever Ministry exists, and they will be supported by the Royalists. The extreme parties, which are prepared to go much further than M. CLÉMENTEAU, will be ready to help him as long as he is going in the Radical direction. The moderate groups between the two may be stronger in voting power than either of the others taken by themselves; but they will not be superior to the two together; they are divided among themselves, and cannot rely on the Royalists and Bonapartists, who have shown themselves prepared to encourage anarchy, if only it will hasten the fall of the Republic. It does not require much foresight to see what the course of such a Chamber will be. Republican measures, as they are understood by M. CLÉMENTEAU, will follow one another. The Church, the army, and the magistracy will be attacked with the intention of purging all the Royalist and Imperial leaven out of them. As it is just this leaven which has kept the powerful French Administration working through all the political changes of the country, the consequences of losing it are obvious. The only possible alternation is another period of deadlock, another succession of feeble Ministries. France is, in fact, in danger of falling into the political condition of Spain. Its statesmen are becoming windy, and ignorant, and declamatory. Its irconcilables are becoming more reckless and obstinate. As a natural consequence the mere administrative capacity of its rulers seems to have sunk to a level it hardly touched in the worst of the latter days of the Old Monarchy. There is no reason why these things should not produce their natural fruit in France as well as in Spain, and all the world knows what that fruit has been in the latter country. It is pronunciamientos and national insignificance.

THE CAITIFF CATFISH.

OUR institutions are indeed being Americanized. In some respects *Britannia capta* has even outrun her conqueror, and it is possible, though we hope improbable, that the land of the *New York Herald* may have to complain of the Anglicizing of her newspapers. But from one American institution our country is free—long may it be untouched by the invader! It seems almost incredible that any one should wish to introduce the accursed catfish to our native shores. Yet we read, with horror, that "a consignment of catfish has been received by the National Fish Culture Association from the Fish Commission of the United States." Is America to be allowed to export the paupers and criminals of her brooks and rivers into our innocent waters? If mere sport is the object of the National Fish Culture Association, perhaps they intend to set a dogfish at the catfish, and enjoy the brutal pleasures of the one-sided conflict. The Council, according to the *Field*, "will not introduce these or any strange fish into English waters without full knowledge and consideration." This sounds too like Mr. GLADSTONE's reserves about the House of Lords. The Council will think twice, or even thrice, before introducing catfish. Perish the thought! One might as well say that cholera, or pellagra, or the plague, or the Colorado beetle, or the man-eating tiger, will not be introduced "without full knowledge and consideration."

In the first place, almost all of these acclimatizations are

errors. People in charge of our rivers should be like hostesses who "don't introduce." Where trout exist you can do nothing but harm by bringing in *parvenus*. Some lunatics brought in pike in certain Scotch waters. The consequence is that trout are like the Paleolithic peoples after an irruption of men in the Bronze Age—that is to say, all but exterminated. Even grayling should be left where they are natives. They have come into the Clyde, where they are despised and detested, more or less, by the Caledonians, who indeed, despite their hospitality, rarely receive such strangers gladly. And grayling, the fine ladies of the waters, are not to be compared to the hideous, voracious, plebeian, un-English catfish, whose very name condemns it. Even birds, beasts, and insects comparatively harmless at home—sparrows, rabbits, and so forth—do inestimable mischief when planted in America, Australia, or New Zealand. The catfish, the white catfish, is desperately ugly, "a garbage-eating bottom-feeder, ill-looking, of no consideration in the matter of sport, and not worthy of introducing where it would eat up the food of our own fishes," and probably eat up our own fishes as well. From a passing notice in *Huckleberry Finn*, we guess that the catfish may grow to about the size of a man of middle height. If this be so, even bathing would be unsafe in rivers infested by catfish. From Mr. FRANK STOCKTON's account, in *Rudder Grange*, of the capture of a catfish, we infer that the incident resembles the catching of a Tartar. Of course if the brute does not rise to fly, it will cause less annoyance to anglers of the right sort; but over here it might change its habits and acquire a passion for black goats or March browns. As to its edible qualities, the catfish is said to resemble the eel, and that is saying enough. We have a sufficiency of eels, and need not reinforce our "food stuffs" with catfish. "At present they are curiosities on view"; we wish that they could be exhibited stuffed. Perhaps a pair of catfish may escape from South Kensington, through the waters with floating electric lights, may reach the Serpentine, may invade the river, may push their way into the Kennett, the Wandle, and so forth, and finally the kitten fish of the species may even get into the Tweed, and the melancholy mewling of the catfish will be heard where the swan on sweet St. Mary's Loch pitches into the angler. There is, were it wanted, another proof of the folly of those acclimatizations. Because WORDSWORTH put a property swan on St. Mary's, impracticable real swans have been introduced, and, like the catfish, they are distinguished nuisances.

WHIGS AND RADICALS.

THE *Edinburgh Review*, in its significant article on "The Parting of the Waters," decorously contents itself with arguments ostensibly addressed to nominal Liberals. A periodical which has for seventy or eighty years loyally supported a single party naturally hesitates to propose a coalition. The concluding recommendation of the writer is not the less sound because it might be invidiously described as commonplace. The Liberal constituencies are exhorted to send to the House of Commons men of character, independence, and principle. "Their personal qualities are even of more moment than their political opinions." The Radical leaders entirely agree on this point with the advocate of moderate Liberalism, though their practical conclusion is opposite. It is one of their main objects to discourage, as far as their influence extends, all consideration of the personal qualities of candidates. They well know that character, independence, and principle are but seldom combined with habitual adulation of the mob. Their own contemptuous estimate of the constituencies which they flatter is sometimes indiscreetly disclosed. Mr. TREVELYAN boasts, with probable justice, that the working classes care little or nothing for the Imperial interests which he would entrust to their exclusive keeping. In an equally cynical spirit he announces that they will henceforth decline to bear their just proportion of fiscal burdens because the Conservatives have defeated a special addition to the indirect taxes. In the benighted days of aristocratic government, no statesman would have proposed to regulate financial legislation in the spirit of a captious disputant who sees an opening for a *tu quoque*. It is not suggested that Mr. TREVELYAN consciously despises his favourite clients. He only attributes to them a stupid and selfish narrowness which ought to disqualify them from exercising preponderating power. There is no reason to doubt that Mr. TREVELYAN, notwithstanding the inveteracy of his pre-

judices, heartily desires to promote the efficiency of Parliamentary government. His late colleague, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, belongs to a newer school of theorists. For the purpose of ensuring and perpetuating the subordination of the House of Commons to the Caucus, he not long since proposed to allow payment to members, and to convert Parliamentary life into a regular profession. He probably holds, not without reason, that a bureaucratic House of Commons, dependent for subsistence on the favour of the demagogue of the day, would possess no moral weight or influence in the country, and that it might therefore be trusted to pay implicit obedience to political clubs and their managers. The dislike of the modern agitator for the continuance of the old constitutional practice is further illustrated by the fantastical project of dissolving the United Kingdom into a pentarchy or tetrarchy. The exponent of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's opinions in the *Fortnightly Review* added the supplement of a tribunal which, like the Supreme Court of the United States, would restrain the usurpations of the new-fangled local Legislatures. The residuary functions of the Imperial Parliament would perhaps not be too important to be discharged by paid and docile servants of the Caucus. It is, indeed, not certain that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's ambitious scheme is proposed in earnest. Perhaps his chimerical Scotch and Welsh Parliaments are merely feints intended to distract attention from his more serious purpose of effecting the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. During his intended visit to Ireland he will apparently be employed in the collection of materials for the dissolution of the Union. It would be interesting to learn whether Mr. TREVELYAN's ideal constituencies care more for the maintenance of the United Kingdom than for the Colonies and India and the greatness and honour of the Empire.

It is quite right that Liberal electors, and indeed electors of all political persuasions, should prefer candidates of character, independence, and principle; but the proposition is as barren as it is true, unless the category of available candidates is made to include members of more than one party. There is no real difference of opinion between an intelligent Liberal and an intelligent Conservative; but they have a trick of voting against one another with no better reason than an habitual association with blue or yellow. In all the late elections, with the exception of Aylesbury, many Liberals abstained from voting through a well-founded distaste for the foreign policy of the late Government, and for the revolutionary projects of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. At Aylesbury they may perhaps have thought that a member of the family of ROTHSCHILD was not likely to vote for a graduated Income-tax or for other measures of spoliation. If they reassured themselves by such an excuse, they would have done well to inquire what inducements were held out to the poorer rural voters. If the Liberals are well advised, they will not content themselves with abstention at the general election. It is too probable that in most electoral districts they will have no opportunity of voting for candidates with whom they wholly agree. The local Caucus will everywhere represent the Radical section of the party, and the pledges which it will exact will be repugnant to the feelings of scrupulous candidates. The only chance of success will consist in the abandonment of obsolete distinctions. Such a candidate as Mr. GOSCHEN ought to be unanimously accepted by Conservative electors; and, conversely, a moderate and respectable Conservative will be entitled, not to the mere neutrality of a Liberal voter, but to his active support. In both cases the opponents of revolution are at least connected with one another as objects of a common enmity. The Radical managers resent independence almost more bitterly than open hostility. Mr. FORSTER, notwithstanding his past services to the Liberal party and his lifelong devotion to the cause of popular suffrage, would have no chance of re-election at Bradford if he relied on the favour of the Caucus. When, after five-and-twenty years of faithful service, he retires from the representation of the borough, the Caucus refuses him the opportunity of delivering a parting address.

The issues on which candidates will be required to give pledges are, for the most part, as ambiguous as the conventional designations of parties. The extension of local government may mean either the assimilation of rural and urban administration or an indefinite power of taxation and control vested in local majorities. Still bolder projectors apply the same term to the substitution of a vague federal system for the ancient unity of the kingdom. Any scheme of local government which gives to County Boards larger powers than those which are now vested in Town Councils

ought to be regarded with grave suspicion. Attempts will be made to concentrate in the same hands the management of education, the administration of the Poor-law, and the more legitimate functions of municipal Corporations. Boards of Guardians have lately been accused of excessive solicitude for the protection of ratepayers and of harshness to paupers. The representation of minorities in School Boards is in the highest degree obnoxious to the fanatical advocates of popular despotism. It must be remembered that while administrators of especial departments of local government are often preferred on grounds of personal fitness, County Boards, like modern Corporations, will in almost all cases consist of political partisans. Guardians in England are as such neither Conservatives nor Liberals, but representatives either of stricter or laxer doctrines as to the distribution of relief. School Boards, though they are not exempt from the taint of political faction, almost always include members holding different or opposite opinions. The Metropolitan Board of Works and the Corporation of London have the exceptional merit of political impartiality which will assuredly not belong to any assembly which may succeed them under the auspices of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT or some other party legislator. In the future, local government will involve the predominance of the same faction which may from time to time control the national government. It will be expedient to rescue certain branches of local administration from a pernicious influence. The late Government and its adherents, though they profess an enthusiastic desire to extend the functions of local government in Ireland, scarcely affect to believe that it will conduce to the material benefit of the country. The Corporations and the Boards of Guardians have there for the most part degenerated into political clubs, and there is no doubt that the proposed County Boards will be virtually branches of the National League, or of some other organization which may from time to time be established by the ringleaders of sedition. The old-fashioned Grand Juries may be more anomalous than elected County Boards, but they discharge their duties much better.

The clamour for a reform of the Land Laws is even more confused and unintelligent than the demand for local government. Even the most ignorant Radicals must by this time have discovered that the so-called law of primogeniture is scarcely ever operative; but they suspect that settlements and entails tend to the maintenance of aristocratic inequality. It is true that the intricacies of conveyancing and the consequent cost of the transfer of land are in great measure caused by the existence of limited estates, but the agitators for free land care little for simplifying titles. They habitually decline to take notice of the Settled Land Act, which practically renders every acre in the kingdom saleable at the will of the tenant in possession. The land projectors have been repeatedly reminded that there is now an enormous quantity of land in the market which might be bought in large or small portions by land societies, to be afterwards resold at a slightly advanced price to the members. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, with a sound instinct and with characteristic intolerance, lately denounced a Society which had been formed to try the experiment on the pretext that some of its promoters were dukes, earls, and marquesses, including his late colleague, the Earl of DERBY, and his close ally, the Marquess of RIPON. If the purchase and sale of land were, after the removal of casual impediments, left to the operation of supply and demand, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, though he might still seek to levy blackmail or fees for purification, could no longer pretend that land is more properly described as a monopoly than any other kind of property. Candidates who are asked to vote for local government or for reform of the Land Laws ought to insist on a definition of the articles of the Radical creed. They will find that, as interpreted, few of them coincide with the orthodox Liberal faith.

A NEW NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

A WORD and a blow is a phrase which is not often verified in its best and most figurative sense in real, and most rarely of all in political, life. It has, however, come true in Mr. PLUNKET's treatment of the question of the National Portrait Gallery. Only last week we half-regretted the arrival of the great Austrian picture, for fear it might only have come to feed a holocaust. To-day we have to announce that the days of the actual Gallery are numbered without mercy or reprieve, and that the building which will in not a very distant future, we hope, replace it—

for the pledge concerning it is one which would bind any Government—will be in construction no less than in destination a permanent National Portrait Gallery; that is, it will be as near an approximation to being fire-proof as circumstances allow of. The narrow escape which the Gallery had when the Indian Museum was ablaze led people to think more seriously than they had done before of the risk; while it is no secret that the cause which finally determined the FIRST COMMISSIONER to action at once prompt and thorough was a report from Captain SHAW, who had been called in to inspect the building. This competent official condemned it all round in terms of unconventional strength and clearness, and the resolution to abandon the dangerous shed without any loss of time was taken by Mr. PLUNKET in concert with the Trustees whom he called in to counsel.

By a fortunate coincidence the Bethnal Green Museum which lives on temporary loans is at this moment empty, so the portraits are immediately to be rehung there for immediate exhibition, and thus give pleasure and instruction to those teeming masses of the East-End for whom the chance of such a treat is a most happy accident.

The reception given in the House of Commons to Mr. PLUNKET's announcement showed that the plan was as popular as it was wise and bold. He deserves the thanks of all who value art and history for the easy solution of a question so full of difficulty to the learned votaries of official procrastination.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

THE Government persevere in their refusal to take any steps in mitigation of the plague of open selling of indecent periodicals which has lately developed a somewhat acute phase. The form of answer to questions on the subject adopted by Sir RICHARD CROSS, leaving out of account his distinction between garbage which is and garbage which is not "pictorial," is that the Salvation soldiers and gutter vagabonds engaged in the traffic in question pursue their avocations "at their peril." Technically he is perfectly right. The Home Secretary, the Attorney-General, and the Chief Commissioner of Police, like every other subject of HER MAJESTY, have a right to set the criminal law in motion against any one whom they believe to have committed an offence, and are no more bound by law to do so than any other British subject is bound. Any one may apply to a police-magistrate to make an order for the seizure and destruction of obscene books and papers. Any one may institute a prosecution for the Common Law misdemeanour of obscene libel. Any one who is annoyed by the exhibition of disgusting objects in the streets in such a manner as to amount to the commission of a public nuisance is at liberty to indict the offender. But no one is under any legal obligation to do any of these things. This is the theory of the law, but it is not the practice of the nineteenth century. While the number of persons interested in such matters has enormously increased, there has grown up a strong feeling that private people cannot be expected to render public services. Contemporaneously there has come into existence a continually increasing disposition to expect more and more in the way of enforcing the law from the great public officers and heads of State departments. The strength of this sentiment may be measured by the fact that the LORD MAYOR, in his capacity of Chief Magistrate of the City of London, recently refused to listen to a charge of committing a street offence in the City on the ground that the Solicitor to the Treasury had not been instructed to prosecute persons not before the LORD MAYOR for a wholly distinct offence not alleged to have been committed within the City. According to the strictly legal view of the matter, a crime is treated, as far as concerns procedure, in substantially the same manner as if it were a private wrong against an individual. According to the view now practically prevalent, the wrong is not committed against an individual, but against the public, to which is attributed an entity distinct from those of the individuals of whom it is made up. From this view it follows that the public ought to act through its efficient and only recognized representatives, who are practically the Parliamentary Secretaries of State and their subordinates. The heads of the great offices are the responsible people, and it is to them that the public looks for the maintenance of public order and the enforcement of public law.

It follows from these considerations that Sir RICHARD CROSS cannot shelter himself from the responsibility of making up his mind whether the grievances complained of

do or do not call for legal redress by the plea that the law is there, that any one who thinks it has been infringed has the right of testing that opinion by instituting a prosecution, and that it is no more the business of the Home Secretary than of any one else to have an opinion in the matter. Technically the plea is good; virtually it is clearly false. The public may be wise or foolish in resigning by disuse the powers given to them by the law; but they do, in fact, choose to rely for protection from crime ever less and less upon themselves and more and more upon officials. To our thinking the tendency is to be regretted; but it is as much a fact of the time as a sanguine trust in democratic institutions, and it has got to be reckoned with. Therefore, in refusing to make up his mind whether he will do anything or not, the HOME SECRETARY is shirking the duty which circumstances have laid upon him. This is the dilemma; either there is, in the present condition of the chief metropolitan thoroughfares, a grievance which ought to be remedied through the application of the criminal law, or there is not. If the officials of the Government think there is, they ought to provide the remedy. If they think there is not, they ought to have the courage to say so, in order to satisfy their interrogators of the opposite opinion as to what the difference between them is, and as to how matters really stand. Sir RICHARD CROSS will not prosecute, and will not say that he thinks there ought to be no prosecution. This is the indecision which comes from reluctance to face a situation of some difficulty, and the proper name for that indecision is cowardice.

EGYPT.

THE death of the MAHDI and the alleged success of the Kassala garrison over its besiegers are pieces of information which, of course, must not be accepted without hesitation. But there is no vindictiveness against an enemy, whom no Englishman is at all likely to regard with any vindictiveness, in saying that the death of MAHOMMED AHMED, though by no means a pledge of peace for the Soudan, may facilitate the task of restoring peace there. As for the Kassala exploit, it is, if true, a matter for unalloyed satisfaction. For, according to the intelligence, the victory was no barren one, but put a large amount of stores and provisions into the hands of the garrison, and it is want of supplies, much more than the danger of being actually overpowered in fight, which has always pressed on this gallant body of men. Except Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE and the members of the late Government generally, few Englishmen can have been able to think without emotion of Kassala, whose garrison has displayed a fidelity and a valour such as would have done credit to the most distinguished army in the world, and which has been left unsuccoured by England, despite large and repeated preparations and expeditions in what may be almost called the immediate neighbourhood. Since the withdrawal of General GRAHAM's last expedition, direct help from England has become for the time impossible. But it does not seem to be thought that all hope is gone from the side of Abyssinia. Unfortunately the hatred between Abyssinia and Egypt is deep and inveterate; while the mysterious policy of the late English Government in reference to Abyssinia itself, to the Italian irruption, and to the Soudan generally, is scarcely calculated to encourage King JOHN to make any great efforts or any great sacrifices. Perhaps, after all, Kassala would profit most from the truth of the reports of the MAHDI's death. For it is not the immediate neighbours of the town that are most hostile to it, and if the bond of union between the various insurgent tribes is broken, the garrison, with the help of such neighbours as are not unfriendly, may have no great difficulty in disembarassing themselves finally of the Hadendawas and other Mahdist partisans. Should they do so, no piece of intelligence of the kind could be more welcome in England.

There is reason to believe that the new English Government has unostentatiously taken steps for re-establishing the friendly feeling between England and Turkey which has necessarily been weakened during the whole period of Mr. GLADSTONE's administration, and which may almost be said to have been changed into hatred on the Turkish side by Lord DUFFERIN's extremely able, but not perhaps so wise as able, diplomacy at the time of the Arabist outbreak. That an intelligent use of the SULTAN's authority and the SULTAN's resources is the best way of solving the Soudan difficulty is the expressed belief of so many high authorities, so independent each of the other,

and differing each from the other in so many points of general opinion, that it can hardly be treated with too much respect. There are those, of course, who, seeing that England has never yet failed to manage with advantage to themselves and to herself Mahomedan States of every every kind and of every importance, from Muscat to Malacca, think that it would be the simpler way to take the Soudan in hand directly. But the suggested intervention of the Porte, which commended itself to General GORDON, would be, after all, only an extension of this process indirectly and with some removes, while it would less provoke the ignoble but widely-spread reluctance from new enterprises which exists in England. The insane detestation of Turkey, as Turkey, which Mr. GLADSTONE so criminally kindled for his own purposes seems to have to a great extent died out; and, though he might no doubt succeed in rekindling it, it does not seem likely to be his interest to do so, while there are probably in the records of the Foreign Office documents which, even for him, might make the attempt a perilous one. The real difficulty in the whole matter is, of course, that the redoubled and complicated blunders of the late Government have made it a favour in any country—a favour requiring no small equivalent consideration—to take the Soudan off English hands, or to give those hands assistance in putting it in order.

The delay of Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF's mission is probably more due to the measures (which seem to be going on well) for adjusting the financial affairs of Egypt proper than to the rather frivolous objections made in this country to his appointment. It is not, as we have before pointed out, an appointment from which in itself we see reason to expect either much good or much harm. What is to be hoped is that it may be the outward and visible sign of a complete inward change in the carrying out of the relations of England to Egypt. The reported arrangements for the actual payment of the indemnities look, of themselves, businesslike; and, though we regard those indemnities with very mixed feelings, the present Government is in no respect responsible for their acknowledgment, while it is responsible for the proper discharge of the liabilities created by them. In fact, anything businesslike in our Egyptian policy is reassuring; the whole fault of that policy for three long years and more having been its hopelessly unbusinesslike character. Indemnities, bondholders, the land question, the Dongola refugees, Sanitary Commissions, the Soudan itself, begin to look less formidable when it is perceived that they are likely to be dealt with, whether successfully or unsuccessfully, at least on some other principle than the principle of doing nothing as long as possible and then doing something without considering what will have to be done next. With regard to the last mentioned point, the Soudan, no policy probably is possible for some months but one of observation. It will have to be seen what is the result of the process of emptying the province of Dongola, and how the tribes redistribute and rearrange the state of things resulting from the creation of this singular vacuum. Lord WOLSELEY was doubtless right in expecting a good deal from the new stern-wheel steamers if properly used, and it is to be hoped that the Intelligence Department will by no means consider its duties over with the temporary lull of active operations. On the other side, it is very much to be wished that the pestilential fever-hole of Souakim should be held by the least force possible for its military keeping. The inexplicable admission of Italy within the Straits, and the possible extension of French intrigue without them, will necessitate a tight hold being kept on the Red Sea ports and the coast outside Bab-el Mandeb. But the Italians appear to be rather disgusted with their new acquisitions than in a hurry to extend them, and those who are familiar with the abundant literature which a few Frenchmen personally interested in the Obock district furnish about that territory know that hitherto the French have made no real impression there. It is not to be forgotten that the Zanzibar complications with Germany, though, it is to be hoped, unlikely to cause present trouble, introduce a new element on this coast, and the experience of trouble which an elaborate system of small mixed settlements of different nationalities has brought about in Senegambia and Guinea can by no means incline any one to look without disquietude on its possible recurrence on the other side of Africa. In the large sense, however, this latter question hardly touches Egypt at all, and indeed it may be anticipated that for the future no Khedive will undertake even the nominal management of the coast south of Souakim. There never was much geo-

graphical excuse for anything of the kind, and, from the economic side of politics, it may be said to have been demonstrated that Egypt has not, as they would have said in the last century, bottom enough to exercise dominion far from the Nile. Of the necessity of her dominating that river we never have had any doubt, and have no doubt now, and there is nothing in the sphere of foreign policy that makes the continuance of the present Ministry in power of more importance than the fact that they, and apparently they only, can begin a cautious and rational scheme for the restoration of this necessary dominion. The death of the MAHDI might or might not make this restoration of itself easier, but its results would certainly affect to a very great degree the particular steps to be taken and the immediate object to be regarded in arranging preliminaries.

REVISING BARRISTERS.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS, whose constant anxiety by every means to promote the comfort of every one who has any occasion to appear before him is perhaps the most marked of the characteristics which have justly endeared him to every member of the legal profession, must have been singularly grieved at being compelled by circumstances to make the announcement which was listened to with so much interest last week at Maidstone. His preliminary observation upon the ingenuity with which whoever is responsible for the promulgation and administration of the Orders in Council affecting circuits has contrived to inflict the greatest possible amount of expense and inconvenience upon all such persons having business in connexion with the South-Eastern circuit as are not capable of being in two places at once, is but the summary of what every one concerned has been saying in less formal but more ornamental language ever since the present arrangement came into force. One judge goes to Maidstone, and at the same time another judge goes to Bury St. Edmunds or Norwich, and each judge does by himself all the work, both civil and criminal, that he finds there. Obviously, therefore, the total time occupied is the same as it would be if the two judges went together first to one place and then to the other, as was always done until about a year ago. But there is only one set of counsel, and only one set of circuit officers. These, therefore, flit to and fro, emulating as best they may the immortal fowl of Hibernian celebrity. The total business at each place is spun out over exactly twice the number of days that would be necessary if two judges attended, which means that all the witnesses and all the jurymen, at both places, are kept in attendance, the former at the suitor's expense, and the latter at their own, just twice as long as they ought to be. In a word, no time is saved, and much expense is doubled. "It is evident," as Sir HENRY HAWKINS very truly observed, "that this is a muddle," nor is it possible to dissent from the general proposition implied in his casual digression to the effect that he was "not surprised at it" when he saw "what happens in these days of experimental reform."

But these critical observations were by the way. The gist of Sir HENRY's complaint was about the appointment of revising barristers, a matter just now of special interest to the profession, by reason of the extra appointments which have to be made in consequence of the reduced franchise and the Redistribution Act. The Act under which revising barristers are appointed provides that, in counties other than Middlesex, "the senior judge for the time being in the Commission of assize . . . shall, during the summer circuit in every year, appoint so many revising barristers" as the existing law requires to be appointed. These expressions obviously have reference to the state of things which existed when revising barristers were first invented, when the two judges allotted to each circuit, and no others, were put into the Commission—or rather Commissions—for "Commission of assize" in the statute is obviously a loose expression, denoting the four Commissions under which the courts on circuit are held. But since 1884 it has been the practice, with the view of avoiding all difficulties that might arise from the fact that the circuits as between the judges are quite different from the circuits as between the other persons concerned (which again "is a muddle"), to insert the names of all the judges of the Queen's Bench Division into all the Commissions all over England. Therefore, if the statute is to be construed literally, it is obviously the duty of the Lord Chief Justice of England to appoint all the revising barristers. Last year this point occurred to various people, but it was quietly

settled in accordance with common sense and in defiance of the statute, by the senior judge who acted as judge of assize in each county, making the necessary appointments. Sir HENRY HAWKINS, in the innocence of his heart, supposed that this easy method would be followed again, and, as he was the only judge in Kent, assumed that he had the right of dealing with the seventy applications which he received for the two or three places supposed to be in his gift. Meanwhile, however, some eagle eye in the Home Office observed what the statute said, and accordingly Sir HENRY received an apparently gratuitous communication to the effect that the opinion of the Law Officers had been taken, and that the revising barristers for Kent were to be appointed, not by him, but by Baron HUDDLESTON, who was at the moment engaged in wasting the time of the population of Norfolk or Suffolk in the manner expounded above. It is to be hoped that the Law Officers referred to were somebody attached to the Home Office, and not the ATTORNEY- and SOLICITOR-GENERAL, for no amount of freshness in official life would justify Sir RICHARD WEBSTER or Sir JOHN GORST in giving so singular an opinion. Whoever did so was held up to deserved contempt by Sir HENRY HAWKINS, who pointed out that the statute said nothing about circuits, and that Baron HUDDLESTON was no more the senior judge in the Commissions for Kent than he was himself. *Aut Caesar aut Ego*, said Sir HENRY, and there is no dissenting from the view so expressed. Whatever might be the construction of the statute finally adopted, Sir HENRY HAWKINS, though he was sorry to disappoint seventy gentlemen, declined under the circumstances to make any appointments at all.

These things having attracted some attention, it is not surprising that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE has received "very numerous applications" for revising barristerships "elsewhere than in London and Middlesex." His lordship, who writes with highly polished sarcasm, is perfectly clear that, though he is the senior judge in every Commission of assize, and also of gaol delivery, nisi prius, and oyer and terminer throughout the country, he is not the person entrusted by the statute with the power of appointment. He does not explain why the statute means something that it does not say, nor does he throw any light on the controversy between Sir HENRY HAWKINS and the Home Office. He merely remarks that, "As I do not go any circuit this summer, I have, I conceive, no right whatever to appoint revising barristers on circuits travelled by my learned brethren. The question has arisen, 'as I believe, through a misconception.' Lord COLERIDGE adds that he was "never more surprised" in his life "than to find that any one could believe" that he "had anything to do with" the appointments. As the statute and the Commissions, taken together, very clearly indicate that he has, we are forced to the conclusion that Lord COLERIDGE has never been much surprised; but no doubt he is right substantially, as it is beyond question that it was never the intention of any one that such a bulk of important patronage should be conferred upon one individual, who could hardly hope to have personal knowledge of the fitness of all the candidates.

The Bill by which Sir RICHARD WEBSTER proposes to clear up these obscurities is not so entirely clear as could be wished. It vests the right of appointment in "the senior judge named in the Commission of assize for the counties within any circuit who actually travels that circuit, or any part thereof, during the summer circuit in any year." The effect of this will depend upon the statutory meaning of the word "circuit." Are the Welsh circuits two or one? and, if they are two, do Chester and Swansea, to each of which two judges go, belong to the North and South Wales circuits respectively, or how otherwise? Is Maidstone on the South-Eastern circuit or not? In Kentish interests, it is to be hoped that it is, as the statutory recognition of that fact will supply another reason for remedying the inconveniences referred to at the beginning of this article. It might have been better to give the appointments in each county to the senior judge acting in and for that county, and it certainly would have been simpler.

"THE OLD BUFFER."

MR. FREDERICK GALE, who delights to call himself, on his title-page, by the "honour-giving name" of "The Old Buffer," has published (Sampson Low & Co) a little book on *Modern English Sports*. He deals with their

use and abuse, and it is very instructive to see where the "Old Buffer" draws the moral line, and where, on the other hand, it is drawn by Mr. RUSKIN, who contributes a short preface. Mr. GALE is nearly, if not quite, of the mind of RAWDON CRAWLEY, the younger, who, when entered at rats, "could conceive of no sport more noble." "Even if we come down to rats," says Mr. GALE, "there is a deal of science and sport in fair rat-hunting in a barn." Certainly there is; and Mr. GALE will sympathize with a young and ardent *chasseur* (he was Scotch, not Irish) who defined happiness as "an empty room, full of rats, with Sam in it"—Sam being a white bull terrier, of admirable parts. Now, we cannot believe that even fair ratting would have much charm for Mr. RUSKIN, or that he would have accepted the invitation of the West-country lady who on her cards added to the words "At Home" the promising monosyllable, "Rats." Mr. RUSKIN, to be sure, in his prefatory letter, gives the Turf the go-by in a very ladylike manner:—"I am not to be beguiled by your description of the interest of honest villagers in the success of a pretty and amiable horse"—"pretty and amiable" is good—"out of my general objections to horse-racing." Nor, we fear, will the appearance of one of SCOTT's lot, Dandie Dinmont, as an outsider for the St. Leger, tempt Mr. RUSKIN into having his money on the Liddesdale representative. Nay, we gather that Mr. RUSKIN would prefer to see cricket played with a soft ball. "Only the other day Mr. ARTHUR SEVERN pointed out to me, 'in a painting of a cricket-match by old DE WINT, that women and children were standing near the wickets. It seems to me cricket must have been in its true zenith in the days when it commended itself to those gentle spectators, and needed not warn them away.' A more probable inference is that old DE WINT was an old donkey, and knew less of what a cricket-ball is like than the patient animal which draws the grass-cutting machine. We know plenty about cricket in the days of old DE WINT, and it is perfectly certain that, if gentle spectators had loitered about at short-leg or third man, they would have done to the cricketers, what BYRON told Lady BYRON she did to him—namely, 'disturbed them,' with a powerful adverb thrown in. However, gentle spectators are not warned away, even now, if they keep at a proper distance. An old print in the Pavilion at Lord's proves that, while bats had still curly ends, ladies sat at the distance at present recommended, and partook of the refreshment of afternoon tea. But ladies have grown so bold that they now play cricket among themselves. In a neighbouring Pictish kingdom, it is even understood that eleven ladies, with an amateur of the highest reputation given, will play eleven gentlemen armed with broomsticks. As broomsticks hit very hard indeed, it is to be hoped that the fair athletes will keep at a safe distance from the wicket. The moral is that we must not infer the history of cricket in the past too hastily from pictures of old DE WINT.

"Honour Bright" is the motto of Mr. GALE, who thinks, roughly speaking, that all sports honourably conducted are "used," and that all sports where selfishness and greed and guile creep in are abused. In the art of angling, for example, he denounces the "Alexandra" fly as really an artificial minnow rather than a copy of any insect. This proves him of a delicate morality. The inference, we fear, follows that all salmon-flies are unholy, for they certainly do not imitate insects, and they are fished with much in the same way as the "Alexandra." As to that bait, we cannot say that we have found trout

All of them Danes in their welcome of thee,
Alexandra!

They do not seem to care for the tinselled lure. Mr. GALE adds two other tricks to the list of the unsportsmanlike. One is the use of a large alder-fly, weighted with a shot. The other is the addition of a strip of white kid to the hook "towards dusk, in deep-running water." We never tried either of these dodges before—because we never heard of them—but we will next time. No doubt this is the danger of being too minute in protests for fair play. Mr. GALE may find himself in the position of that confessor who asked his penitent, the groom, "if he ever greased the horse's teeth." Next time the groom came to confession he had to plead guilty to this peccadillo. However, the "Old Buffer's" general tone of artless enjoyment and honourable frankness redeems the guileless simplicity of his remarks about white kid and alder-flies loaded with a single shot near the hook. We trust that his volume may be widely studied by the sportive men

of merry England. Mr. GALE is a sportsman of the right sort, and we heartily agree with all he says about the noble diversions which have schooled so many generations in fair play. But Mr. GALE is wrong in thinking that Croquet (on whose grave he "jumped for joy") "was only the old 'game of Mall.'" "Mall" was a far better game, more like golf, with plenty of almost incredibly long shots. But Mr. GALE does not seem to be a golfer.

AFFAIRS OF AFGHANISTAN.

REPORTS from Afghanistan are not as clear or as informing as they might be, but they are less confused and conflicting than the rumours and conjectures of European capitals. Subject to certain superficial inconsistencies, which might, of course, prove to be important, though they do not look so, the various telegrams which have unsettled rather than alarmed the public mind for the last fortnight seem fairly reconcilable with each other, and leave little doubt of the existence of a substantial basis of disquieting fact. Russia is moving as she was said to be, and she is, as she was said to be, strengthening her advanced posts. So much, at any rate, we may regard as certain. Whatever the explanation of the reinforcements—and on that we shall have a word to say presently—the fresh troops have arrived; whatever the excuse for the encroachments on Persian territory, the river frontier of the SHAN's dominions—a boundary not capable of being overstepped inadvertently—has undoubtedly been crossed. Later reports from Meshed have confirmed the statement that Russia has occupied the left bank of the Heri-Rud, that she is treating the land as her own, erecting storehouses, and stationing troops there. All pretence of *ménagement* for Persian susceptibilities has, it is added, been thrown off, as the Governor of Khorassan forwards Russian interests with all his power. With regard, however, to all movements in this direction—and Russia, according to one account, has thrown out troops as far as ten miles to the west of the river—one consideration ought always to be borne in mind, a consideration which to a certain extent diminishes the immediate significance of the incident. The value to Russia of a foothold on Persian territory at about this point on the Heri-Rud has often been pointed out. Her true route to Herat is, the best authorities are agreed, through Meshed, and the establishment of these positions may be designed as the first step towards securing the command of the desired road. The moment of course would be, diplomatically speaking, a favourable one, if, indeed, in dealing with Persia diplomacy be in the Russian view worth considering at all. Immediate military necessities could easily be pleaded in answer to any remonstrance from Teheran, and the occupation of Persian territory represented as of a strictly temporary character, to be maintained only until the close of the negotiations between London and St. Petersburg; when, whatever their result, the possession of points necessary to the opening of a new line of communications between Herat and the Caspian could not fail to be of service. There, at any rate, is the fact that the long-expected violation of the Perso-Afghan frontier has taken place, and that if it does not necessarily foreshadow an immediate advance on the part of the Russians in the direction of Herat, it tends all the more on that account to show the persistent and far-reaching character of Russian designs upon that point of vantage.

As to the reinforcements of the troops already in position in the neighbourhood of Zulfikar, that, no doubt, is more susceptible of an explanation of a sort; and such as it is, it has been provided for us by the distinguished Paris Correspondent of the *Times*. As resolute as ever to forbid the firing of a gun in Europe or even in Central Asia without his permission, or, at any rate, prediction, and in order, he mysteriously adds, "to counteract certain 'evident manœuvres of which it would be useless to scrutinize the motives,'" the famous Correspondent has endeavoured to obtain exact information as to the situation, and has received such information from a source on which the utmost reliance is to be placed, "no statements received through the same channel having ever been contradicted by events." The statement fortified by this almost divine authority is generally to the effect that England and Europe may make their minds easy, for that Russia has no intention of provoking a war. As to the Zulfikar difficulty, it is "quite a secondary matter," about which the two Governments will no doubt come

to an understanding. In Russia—simple-minded, plain-dealing Russia, who watches our low political intrigues with mild wonder from afar off—it is supposed that "all the stir made in England at this moment is an electoral manœuvre to secure a majority for the Conservatives at the approaching elections," but, adds M. DE BLOWITZ's unknown correspondent, "you"—that is, M. DE BLOWITZ—"are better placed than I am to judge if this opinion be 'correct.'" We should like to know what there is which this great man is not "better placed to judge" of than the rest of the world, and it would be a great relief to us to find that he does not share his friend's injurious suspicions that the Government have invented the Zulfikar difficulty (and inspired, we suppose, the invasion of Persia) for electioneering purposes. He is, at all events, prepared apparently to accept and forward his friend's explanations of the reinforcements. The Russian troops whose arrival on the Afghan frontier has "alarmed the Correspondents of the English newspapers" are simply troops "which left Saratoff in the month of April, and which have only now arrived on the frontier—an event, therefore, which ought not in any way to 'cause alarm.'" The explanation, like the picture, would perhaps have been better if the artist had taken more pains; as, for instance, to account for the fact of the march of the troops being prolonged to the frontier at all. The tension of the month of April might have been an excellent reason for ordering an advance from Saratoff; but the peaceful prospect of May and June is hardly so good a reason for not ordering a halt at Sarakhs or Pul-i-khatun. That, however, is a detail; the troops had got their marching orders at a time when it was thought that troops might be wanted in deadly earnest, and nobody thought of countermanding them. In fact, everybody of importance in Russia has of late been preoccupied—the EMPEROR by his visit to Finland, M. DE GIERS by his domestic affliction, the "greater number of the Russian Ministers" by holiday-making abroad. These causes have somewhat retarded the Anglo-Russian negotiations, but it is delay only, and nothing more serious. "Russia is more than ever determined to 'preserve the peace, and all the arrangements which she 'is making,' including, of course, the little business on the Persian side of the Heri-Rud, 'are of a pacific character.'" Indeed, the opinion in St. Petersburg is, we are told, "that 'in less than a month a definitive and pacific conclusion of 'the Anglo-Russian question will be arrived at, and that 'the Frontier Commission will be able to discharge its 'duties on the spot.'" And the informant of omniscience closes his telegram with the curious admission that "some 'parts of the Trans-Caucasian Railway are being pushed 'on with feverish activity,' and the still more curious comment that this "must not be supposed to show any sign of 'war, it being due entirely to private motives," whereas motives of a warlike nature are, it is notorious, invariably made public.

So ends this singular *communiqué* from the source of statements "never contradicted by events." Like most others that reach us through the same medium, it would be equally unwise to accept it unreservedly and to reject it without consideration. There can be no doubt that the pen of this eminently ready writer has ere this been used for the divulgence of those great, if not good, matters which the hearts of kings and other high personages are from time to time inditing. But whether it is only M. DE BLOWITZ's pen and not M. DE BLOWITZ himself that is being "used" on such occasions is always unfortunately an element of doubt. Here, therefore, we can only say, at least with any approach to certainty, that somebody of very high importance and first-hand knowledge of Russian affairs, if not with an actual share in their direction, is very anxious to assure the world at large and England in particular that the intentions of Russia are resolutely pacific, and that there is no fear of her doing anything to provoke a war. But whether that high personage, whoever he may be, desires us to believe that Russia is not bent on war because in fact she is not, and thinks it mischievous to be suspected of it, or because she is, and thinks it advantageous not to be suspected of it, this, we must say, with our compliments and best wishes to M. DE BLOWITZ, is exactly what his valuable telegram leaves in a state of the most profound uncertainty. And we will also add, "after compliments," that it leaves in equal doubt the third, perhaps most probable hypothesis of all, which has been adopted, it seems, from English commentators by Viennese diplomatists—namely, that Russia is bent on concluding nothing until after the general elections in England.

Whether peace or war or delay be the object in view at St. Petersburg, it is evident that the *communiqué* transmitted through M. DE BLOWITZ would be the best means of furthering that object, and equally evident that M. DE BLOWITZ—if his modesty will forgive our saying so—would be the best channel for its transmission. Fortunately for HER MAJESTY'S Government, however, the course of action marked out for them by circumstances will be virtually identical on all three hypotheses. Patience, firmness, and preparation are the three requisites in all cases. The AMEER's proclamation of absolute alliance with the English, "our friends and "foes being his," and the festivities which he has ordered in Cabul to celebrate his reception of the honour of the highest grade of the Star of India, are signs of amity to which some people may attach but slight value. But the invitation of our officers to assist in strengthening the defences of Herat is at least a substantial proof that ABDURRAHMAN considers his interest in the defence of that city to be united with ours. The fortification of the place is proceeding satisfactorily, and Captains YATE and PEACOCKE are to be shortly joined by Sir J. RIDGEWAY and two other officers. To place Herat in a posture of effective defence, to push on the Quetta Railway with all possible speed, and to hold ourselves in readiness to throw troops into Candahar, by arrangement with the AMEER, on the first tidings of Russian advance—these are the best, and indeed the only, measures open to us, whether Russia means war, peace, or delay. They would, of course, be demanded by war; we could not venture to forego them even on the fairest promise of peace; we ought to adopt them all the more vigorously the more Russia appears inclined to waste time.

MEDEN AGAN.

THE remonstrance addressed to us by the President of the National Rose Society in the *Garden* of last week was somewhat more fervid than the circumstances warrant. There is a wide difference between the encouragement of the style of cultural development criticized by us and the eclecticism that admires alike the primitive and the cultivated forms of flowers. With respect to the latter, we are at one with the courteous and eloquent rosarian. It was somewhat superfluous to take upon himself the burden of criticism that was addressed to others. There is really no occasion to extol the services of the Society over which he so worthily presides. We yield to no one in our admiration of their labours. Our remarks applied to raisers of new roses, and obviously involved no censure of the National Rose Society. Beyond the observation that the Society might do well to discourage the tendency among growers which formed the subject of our criticism, the National Rose Society was not named or implied.

Relieved of a disclaimer rendered necessary by the comments of the President of the N. R. S., the subject is narrowed to our original contention. This is embodied in the propositions that the legitimate development of hybrid perpetuals has long since reached its æsthetic limits, and that there is a tendency among florists to overstep those limits. All teas were especially excluded by us, though our critic has ingeniously arrayed himself in them as with a coat of mail, and even made of them a weapon of offence. This unkind perversity shall not tempt our lance. The first proposition is abundantly sustained by the poor quality of a large proportion of new roses in recent years. They appear in shows and share the honours awarded to new roses in the company of others more worthy. They are selected blossoms at the best, and, having served the purpose of their introducers, they frequently disappear altogether. Now and again we have a real acquisition, such as "A. K. Williams," but the vast majority are retrograde and show signs of "over-pressure." As for our second proposition, have not our purveyors provided purple roses and roses of flat form and bluish tint? Is there not even a green rose? To name a few among recent roses, do not "Lecocq Dumesnil," "Dr. Hogg," "Joseph Tasson," "Dr. Garnier," "Adelaide de Meynot" merit the rigorous epithets applied to them? Some of these roses, and others equally depressing, whose very names we gladly forget, figured at South Kensington. If by "development" nothing more is meant than literal augmentation, then, indeed, the prodigious seedling that gained the Society's medal was a "marvellous development of patient cultivation." The development of "La France" and "countless other hybrid "perpetuals" pales into nothingness by the side of this

triumph of culture. We do not question the award, or deny that the grower thoroughly deserved his honours. There are, however, two aspects of rose-growing, just as there are two species of "development." There is the view of the grower, bent on producing novelties, and that of the rosarian, inspired by sound æsthetic principles. To reconcile these is the difficult function of the National Rose Society; a function that cannot be more admirably discharged than under the guidance of their popular President.

GENERAL GRANT.

AMERICANS have cause, we think, for satisfaction that the death of the famous citizen whom they have just lost has been thus long delayed. With General GRANT himself, or rather with his personal friends and private admirers, it is no doubt otherwise. The Surrender of Appomattox was GRANT's Trafalgar, and, in order to have left the purest renown behind him, that clearly would have been the proper moment for his departure. It is only indeed as a soldier, and a soldier, too, as distinguished from a commander, that his individuality is at all a striking or, we might even say, a heroic object of contemplation. His professional inferiority to the leader whom he subdued was too patent to need to await the demonstrations of the military critic; it was doubtless perfectly well known to himself, and we touch upon one of the most amiable and honourable traits in his character when we say that he probably would not have hesitated to admit it. We can scarcely suppose that he even prided himself on the particular operations which finally broke down the resistance of the Confederates, and ended the Civil War. SHERMAN's famous march, which first discovered the essential weakness of the exhausted enemy, was far more notable as a military exploit than any of the series of bloody and wasteful battles which GRANT elected, or was compelled, to fight before he could bring LEE's ragged and starving levies to submission. A man who holds three-fourths of the trumps and all the honours is sure to win the game however he plays; but it is not interesting, and cannot be made brilliant, whist. GRANT's reputation as a strategist was certainly not raised by his manner of achieving the historic success of his life; and whatever one's political sympathies, it is difficult to study the history of that last campaign without feeling that it was hard upon the best man not to have won.

It was as soldier, as we have said, and not as commander, that GRANT's best qualities—his moral courage and tenacity, his modesty and simplicity of character—came out. The whole curious narrative of the ceremony of his acceptance of LEE's surrender is extremely creditable to him; it was a display of delicacy and magnanimity of which no base or vulgar nature could at such a moment have been capable, and is of itself sufficient to prove that there was a fibre of nobility in GRANT's mind. Had his record ended here, it would undoubtedly have been better for him from the historic point of view; and if this was not to be, the next best moment for the close of his earthly, or at any rate his public, career would have been the expiration of his first term of Presidential office. The attainment of a second term, of course, raised him to the rank of the half-dozen distinguished Presidents, among whom WASHINGTON had left behind him the most scatheless, and ANDREW JACKSON the most "wounded," name; but it is certainly doubtful whether it was worth while for GRANT to attain this second term in order to run the risk of being remembered, not so much with the "Father of his country," as with the inventor of the doctrine of "the spoil to the victors." This risk he did undoubtedly run, and it seemed at one time that its worst possibilities had been realized. We need not here re-tell the unpleasant story of General GRANT's second term, nor need we re-open the invidious question as to the extent of the PRESIDENT's complicity with the scandals by which his administration was disfigured. Of direct political complicity there may perhaps have been little or none; of moral participation in the responsibility for them there was undoubtedly much. American Senators might certainly have been invited in GRANT's case to consider in a slightly adapted form that "truth sublime" which is addressed to other Senators in the well-known couplet. If he who "defends oppression" "shares the crime," so unquestionably does he who protects corruption; and, whatever may have been GRANT's personal integrity, his sense of public honour must have

been blunt indeed in failing to show him the grave impropriety of tolerating, if not sheltering, officials demonstrably guilty of the grossest administrative misconduct. When his second term expired, General GRANT'S reputation, at its zenith at the close of the war, was probably touching its nadir. Having lived too long, he was thus compelled to live yet longer. He had survived his earlier fame; it was necessary for him to survive his later unpopularity. On the whole, it must be admitted that he has done so. The Americans are a generous people, and they have been content in his closing hours to forget the scandals of the "second term," and the unfortunate private transactions with which even to the last his name was associated, and to remember only the stout soldier who never despaired of the Republic, and whose name must always be united in history with its deliverance from the greatest of its dangers, and whose unflinching courage under physical and moral misfortune during the last months of his life deserves profound respect. Their attitude attests a disposition with which we feel all sympathy, and of which we most firmly believe that no nation wanting in it, be it Republic or Monarchy, is destined to endure.

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S WEDDING.

THE marriage of the Princess BEATRICE is an event which calls for congratulations, the respect and the sincerity of which need not be measured by the abundance of the words in which they are expressed. If less has been publicly known of the QUEEN'S youngest daughter than of her elder sisters, everything that is known of her is good, and the very absence of publicity in her life has arisen from causes which testify to her domestic virtues. A marriage untainted by any considerations of the "reason of State," celebrated with every advantage of scene and weather, attended by almost all the most distinguished Englishmen, except Mr. GLADSTONE, will be, it is to be hoped, only the prelude to a happy married life.

THE BATTLE OF LANGSIDE.

AT the end of last year, before the Archaeological Society of Glasgow, Mr. Alexander Malcolm Scott read a paper on the Battle of Langside. This paper has now been published (by Mr. Hopkins, of Glasgow) with certain additions, mostly in the way of notes, in a most agreeable and convenient volume, printed on delightful paper, bound in workmanlike fashion, and adorned with the Lion of Scotland—

With the Ruddy Lion ramping
In its field of treasured gold.

Mr. Scott's volume is naturally archaeological rather than historical. He has taken vast pains to be precise on matters with which the historian, if he be wise, does not weary himself overmuch. There is an almost judicial investigation of the roads by which Mary's forces and Murray's advanced to the field; the exact area of the battle is mapped out far too rigorously to please a Russian Boundary Commission. Existing myths and traditions are examined and disposed of; and some previous writers are also disposed of, perhaps with undue severity. The necessity to be picturesque no doubt sometimes drives the historian to press a little too heavily on his fancy; but, after all, when the historian's fancies can only be met by the archaeologist's probabilities, the former need not be very rigorously combated. However, Mr. Scott has no doubt cleared the ground of a good deal of rubbish; and Archaeological Societies are, of course, sworn foes to the imagination. Their business is to analyse the picturesque, not to create it. Terrible iconoclasts they must in reason be, but very useful in their generation; though Keats, we suspect, would have carried them in the same toast with Newton.

For a battle which only lasted three-quarters of an hour, and in which but four men were killed on the victorious side, and but three seriously wounded, the affair at Langside has made a good deal of noise. Any scene in which that Queen of Romance, Mary Stuart, played a part, and any scene, as one may also say, which Walter Scott has touched with his magic wand, will always have a charm and attraction of its own. But, intrinsically, this skirmish, for it was really little more, was an important thing. "It settled the fate of Scotland," says Burton, "affected the future of England, and had its influence over all Europe." It is difficult, indeed, to realize what might have happened had Argyle carried the day at Langside instead of Murray. The Catholics, both in Scotland and in England, would have rallied to Mary to a man; those who clung loyally to their old faith and those who merely disliked the discipline of the Reformed religion; those who were devoted to Mary as their rightful sovereign, and those who merely hated Murray. Already the news of the escape from Lochleven had set bonfires blazing through all the Northern shires—Northumberland, Durham, Westmoreland, and Yorkshire—and the Catholic gentry, stronger there than in any other part of England,

were arming in haste. It was doubtful whether Elizabeth would not declare openly against Murray on his defeat. It was almost certain that France would begin to move for Mary on her victory. Perhaps the ultimate issue of affairs might not have been different. Bothwellhaugh might have fired his shot sooner; the axe might have fallen later in the hall of Fotheringay. But in the end Scotland and England both would have cast Mary Stuart out from them. But long, dark, and bloody as the road was which led to that end, how far longer, more dark, and more bloody would it have been had the day gone differently at Langside!

The escape from Lochleven Castle was effected on May 2, 1568, and on the following morning Mary, escorted by Lord Seton and the Laird of Riccarton, reached Hamilton. Many of the lords, with their vassals, to the number of six thousand, came quickly in at her call—Argyle and Cassilis, Eglinton and Rothes, Claud Hamilton (the Duke's son), Fleming, Herries, Maxwell, Livingston, Sanquhar, Borthwick, and many a lesser chief. Of course they soon began to quarrel. There was little love among their fellows for the proud ambitious Hamiltons, and to get Mary out of their hands was the first thing to be done. Her abdication had already been revoked, in a long and violent document, wherein her feelings towards Murray and his supporters are shown in most unqueenly colours. She was Queen of Scotland again, or, at any rate, sufficiently so for the wild lords who hated Murray quite as much as they loved her. But she might as well have stayed at Lochleven as at Hamilton, for all the use her newly-won sovereignty was like to be to her or to Scotland. She might as well be the prisoner of Murray as the tool of the Hamiltons. So on the 12th it was decided at a council of war that, in the words of her secretary, Claude Nau, "our sovereign lady's most noble person be surely transported to Dumbarton, with the whole army, aye, and while her grace be placed therein." Dumbarton was then held by Lord Fleming, and there it was promised that "every one should have free access to her," which meant that the Hamiltons should not. After she had been safely lodged in Dumbarton, the army was to return to its present quarters. Everything was ready the next morning, the 13th, and immediately before the march Mary appointed Argyle to be her lieutenant in Scotland and commander-in-chief of her forces.

Murray was in Glasgow, holding a judiciary session, when the news was brought to him of Mary's escape. He at once sent messengers out to summon the chiefs of his party, and they answered his call as loyally as the Marian lords had answered their chief. The Earls of Morton, Mar, Glencarne, and Monteith, Lords Hume, Lyndsay, Ruthven, Semple, Ochiltree, and Cathcart came to his summons. From Renfrewshire and the Lennox, from Merse and Lothian, men came flocking in. Edinburgh sent him the Royal Archers and a company of arquebussiers; Mar brought him guns from Stirling; six hundred of the Glasgow citizens left their business for his camp. By the 12th his force had swelled to four thousand men, and with these he had determined to move at once on Hamilton and bring the matter to an immediate issue, when, early on the morning of the 13th, the news reached him of the projected march to Dumbarton. He at once drew his men out of the town by the Gallow Gate Port on to the open fields, or moor, to the east. The main road from Hamilton to Dumbarton followed the north bank of the Clyde, and right across this route Murray's army lay. Argyle, however, chose the south bank along which ran the road to Rutherglen through Blantyre and Cambuslang. Near Rutherglen another road branched off to the south-west, as it still does, and, crossing the highway from Glasgow to Ayr by Cathcart, led to Langside. By this road Argyle marched, and, as Murray's position commanded a view of Rutherglen, he probably first became aware of his mistake as Argyle turned off towards Langside at that place.

The village of Langside stood, and still stands in much altered shape, about two miles from Glasgow, on the southern edge of what is now known as the Queen's Park. A soldier would have seen its importance at a glance. But Argyle was no soldier, and Murray was. The former, too, was taken suddenly sick at a critical moment (through fear, the Hamiltons said), and moreover an escort of cavalry had to be provided to get Mary out of harm's way as soon as the enemy was sighted. At any rate, Murray sent on his cavalry, each man carrying a arquebussier (or hagbutter, as the old word runs) behind him. He himself followed hot-foot with his artillery and the rest of his infantry; and when Argyle reached the top of Clincart Hill (where the Deaf and Dumb Institution now stands), he saw his enemy drawn up in battle order below him.

The Queen's force numbered, as has been said, about six thousand men. The Hamiltons were in the van, and Herries led the horse. Murray commanded his left wing in person, with Mar, Glencarne, and Cathcart, the men of Lennox, and the Glasgow citizens. The right wing, which held the village, was under Morton, Hume, Lyndsay, and Semple. Between the two were placed his cavalry, much fewer than the Royal horse, and his guns. Mary had been sent off under escort to Court Knowe, near Cathcart Castle, about a mile distant from Langside.

About nine in the morning the Royal guns opened fire from Clincart Hill upon the village, while the van, led by Claud Hamilton, advanced to the attack, supported by Herries with the horse. The rush of the Hamiltons bore Murray's van back fighting into the village, while Herries, having scattered the handful of horse led against him by Douglas of Drumlanrig, charged the Regent's left wing. But there the archers shot their arrows too fast for him, and after some hot hand-to-hand fighting he was forced to draw his troopers off, leaving the van to shift

for itself in the village. Here, in the narrow street, the combatants were packed so tightly that they could do little more than press against each other "like contending bulls which should bear the other down." Again the Hamiltons proved the stronger; but, as they slowly bore their foes back up the street and out into the open country, Kircaldy of Grange (Murray's "Chief of the Staff") fell upon their uncovered flank with some fresh troops, and drove them back down the village again on to the main body. This ended it. Disconcerted by Herries's repulse, and galled by the fire of the harquebussiers who lined the approach to the village, the main body made no attempt to rally their flying comrades, but fairly took to their heels. Down the street and back over Clincart Hill, towards Rutherglen and Hamilton, any way where escape seemed likeliest, rode and ran the Royal soldiers. Murray, however, had given strict orders for quarter, so the pursuit soon slackened. Three hundred are said to have been killed, but only one hundred and forty fell on the field—mostly Hamilton's, who had been shot in the advance on the village. There were many prisoners—Seton, Rosse, and Cassilis among them, the sheriffs of Ayr and Linlithgow, two sons of the Bishop of St. Andrews, and a son of the Abbot of Kilwinning; Argyle also is said to have been of the number, but to have been suffered to escape. On the other side but four private soldiers were killed, and Hume, Ochiltree, and Car of Faudonside badly wounded.

By ten in the morning all was over, and Mary a fugitive once more. Herries was with her, and his son, Livingston, Fleming, and the two young Douglasses, George and William. By which road they left the field is not clear. It has been commonly supposed they went straight to Dundrennan Abbey, which is more than a hundred miles from Langside. It is more likely that she stayed the first night at Sanquhar, and then to Herries's house at Terreglas, where she rested a few days till she passed on to Dundrennan, and thence went southwards to meet her inevitable doom at Fotheringhay. The tradition of the grass-cutters threatening her with their scythes as she rode through Rutherglen may be true or not; but, as a matter of fact, we lose all sight of Mary after she turned her horse's head from Court Knowe till she drew rein at the Abbey. Murray's movements, however, are clear enough. His horse continued the pursuit till noon; but he with the bulk of his troops and the prisoners marched back to Glasgow. A thanksgiving service in the Cathedral was followed by a great banquet given by the magistrates of the city, and the rest of the day was passed in inspecting the prisoners. Most of them were discharged on surety for their future behaviour; but the chiefs, and especially those of the Hamilton family, were sent to prison to await their trial by the Parliament. Eglington had escaped by hiding himself in a straw heap till night fell; and Seton fled over sea to earn his bread for the next two years by driving a waggon in Flanders. One of the prisoners pardoned by Murray was Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, an act of mercy for which two years later the Regent paid with his life.

URBI ET ORBI.

"THE excellent Lord Mountaigne" (as Joseph Glanvill delightfully and very truly calls him) says somewhere or other, we forget in what precise words, that probably as ridiculous stories could be told about himself as about anybody living. As far as we remember the context, it seems probable that the excellent Lord Mountaigne was rather proud of being the hero of the ridiculous stories—which is, indeed, not an uncommon form of indifference to the *Qu'en dira-t-on?* and the *Qu'en a-t-on dit?* But there is no settled rule as to what notice a man should take of stories, ridiculous or other, about himself or of comments on his action. We have seen, however, some comments on some recent utterances of the *Saturday Review* which seem to make it worth while to talk, a little contrary to habit, about ourselves. The *Saturday Review* has spoken with plainness of the Irish policy, or no policy, of the present Government, and has at the same time pointed out that the tendency of that policy towards a fraternization with Mr. Parnell has in the first place been absurdly exaggerated, and has in the second been condemned by persons in whose mouth the condemnation sounds very awkwardly. This fact—this part condemnation and part defence of Lord Salisbury's action—after five years' nearly unmixt condemnation of Mr. Gladstone's action (the nearly unmixt of which we most cheerfully acknowledge) appears to have *dépisté* some of our good friends most strangely. Some of them seem to think that we are hedging with a view to stand on conciliation for Ireland; some that we are hedging with a view to back the present Government whatever it does. Both delusions show very curiously how far recent political events have obscured in some people's minds the conception—never, perhaps, very strong in the mind of the average man—of a really critical review of politics, a review which shall be critical of friends and foes alike, or rather which, as far as party politics are concerned, shall have no friends or foes, but judge every question on the merits and every man on his attitude towards those merits.

That was the principle on which this Review was started thirty years ago; and, looking back on other reviews and other journals during that time, and especially on the present state of such other reviews and journals, we really don't think we have much reason to regret sticking to it. There is, for instance, among the rival principles, the celebrated one of always following, and, if you

can, always following in front, what is called public opinion, the principle of the weathercock. How has that principle stood the test of time? How a dozen of girouettes in the market just now? For a time, perhaps, by great good luck or by great cleverness you may get your weathercock high enough and keep it high enough to play the part. But the winds grow light and baffling, and obstructions rise to prevent them playing freely, and the machinery of the weathercock fails, and then you have the melancholy spectacle of a weathercock that doesn't indicate anything, but merely spins about frantically or wobbles backwards and forwards painfully to look as if it did. That is hardly a spectacle to cause regret at having followed a different principle. Then there is the principle of pinning your faith on the coat-tails of a particular person, and keeping it there till he changes his coat, when you promptly transfer it to the new one. If he bargains away the interests of his country, it is noble disinterestedness; if he runs away from his country's foes, it is dauntless courage; if he leaves those who have trusted him to massacre, it is the chivalry of a Paladin. In short, whatever he does, the result is as paradoxically something else as the result of the proceedings of Quaresmeprenant. This is curious and interesting to look at for a short time, though it becomes disgusting before very long even as a spectacle. What it may be to the performer we cannot say, for we never tried it, and don't mean to. Or there is the line of what is called the "moderate party organ" which "accords a general support" to this and that political party, but is careful to safeguard its independence by occasionally reminding that party that it mustn't go too far, or suggesting that it really had better not, or hinting that there really is something in what the other party says. This kind of thing is said to have had great charms for the middle-class Briton of the past, but there are signs that it is rather palling even on him. These are the three most respectable ways, or at least those pursued by the most respectable representatives of English journalism. It is unnecessary to characterize the others, such as taking the hire of foreign capitalists who wish to overthrow the institutions of the country, or enlisting the assistance of any frantic and filthy fanaticism that happens to be in vogue, or going in for private scandal, and so forth, and so forth.

We like our own way better. That way, as said above, is to be simply critical of everything and everybody. Of course criticism itself cannot be nothing but critical. It must have a certain *credo*, a statute book of some kind, though its confession of faith need not be very minute. Take the ordinary sentiments of a gentleman to begin with; add a very decided conviction that a majority as such is not in the least more respectable or more infallible than a minority, and that the collective folly of fools will never make wisdom; join the doctrine that "the people" as "the people" are just as venerable as a scarecrow by the roadside, though they may be more formidable; hold that established institutions, provided they work decently, are always worth keeping, for the simple reason that the mere fact of their being established proves them not to be ruinously bad; lay down that the associations of the past and the continuity of historical and social fabric are the only things that make public life dignified or venerable, that cant and snobbery and vulgarity of any kind are detestable always and wherever found, and we really don't know anything else that goes into our formularies. Anybody who can honestly subscribe them belongs to our political church, and, if he can write besides, he is very welcome to be admitted into its orders, and preach to the faithful and the unfaithful as opportunity shall serve.

"Ah! but the *Saturday Review* has been attacking Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone's Government unremittently for five years and a half, and that does not look like impartial criticism." This funny argument, which is constantly used nowadays in reference to a great many other things and people besides ourselves, is perhaps one of the very funniest that ever commended itself to a slightly muddled brain. Suppose, good people, that Mr. Gladstone's Government was constantly attacked because Mr. Gladstone's Government was constantly in the wrong? "Ah! but that is impossible." Is it? We can only suppose that on a similar principle an umpire is to be blamed if he happens to give all the members of an eleven (except one) out when he is appealed to, and that an examiner must be a base partisan when, as he pretty frequently does, he signs a class-list with "First Class—None," in it. Yet if the good people who love their Mr. Gladstone, and who cannot bear to think of his having been always in the wrong (by the way, he bought the Blenheim pictures, for which we praised him handsomely, and did not absolutely reject the Ashburnham MSS., for which we praised him as much as he deserved)—we really wish they would ask some intelligent foreigner (an American will do) what his honest unbiased opinion is as to the general policy and conduct of the Gladstone Ministry. In other words, we withstood Mr. Gladstone because he was to be blamed; and it surely is rather illogical of people who point triumphantly to Lord Beaconsfield's overthrow to show that Lord Beaconsfield was wrong, and assert that everybody who opposed the extension of the franchise was wicked because the franchise was actually extended, to dispute the verdict which accomplished facts have given on our side. But from pronouncing everything or most things which Mr. Gladstone actually did wrong to pronouncing everything which Mr. Gladstone's successors are going to do to be right there is a very long way—a way which certainly will not be traversed by this Review. It is true, no doubt, that the great change which has come over politics recently has brought the general confession of faith above formu-

lated nearer to the formula of one party and further from that of another. Thirty years ago no considerable party and no prominent statesman advocated such principles as Mr. Chamberlain's. The support which could then have been counted on in the House of Commons for the policy of Majuba or the policy of Khartoum would have been quite insignificant. The modern Caucus would simply have been ignored by all respectable candidates; and the Irish Land Act would have had as much chance of passing as an Act for the General Arrest of Scoundrels, drawn up by Mr. Hyndman, would have a chance of passing now. Thus the principles of all *honnêtes gens* have come nearer to be the property of the Tory party than they were then. But the principles in themselves have not altered, and those principles, and those only, condition the view of the public acts of public men which are taken, and will be taken here.

The practice of taking that view we find to have worked remarkably well, and there is not the slightest intention of altering it. The *personnel* by which it is taken must alas! surely, if slowly, change. *Occidit et—*and in addition to that universal cause, there is the operation of the special law that the reviewers of one decade have a fatal habit of becoming the Judges and the Cabinet Ministers of the next. *Ille dérogant*, no doubt; but what is to be done? The country must have its Judges and its Cabinet Ministers, and it would be as unpatriotic to refuse the demand as to neglect to keep up the supply. But the Cabinet Ministers and the Judges *pauca post futuri* have not the slightest intention of taking short cuts to their destiny by writing party journalism. We have had too long an experience of the crown of the causeway to have the slightest desire to come down into the gutter. Apparently the party which has recently supplied us with most suitable subjects is not tired of doing so. "Its scruples being out of place," as Mr. Chamberlain charmingly says, and itself being out of place likewise, and so very cross, it may even give us more. But the *Ins* are quite welcome to their share if they choose to deserve it, and there will be plenty left for them after the *Outs* have had theirs. In short, for a generation the *Saturday Review* has surveyed politics without fear or favour, and it intends to go on doing so. Neither, to judge the extreme loudness with which some of the persons thus surveyed protest, does there seem to be much reason for thinking that the survey is less acute than it formerly was. Many sorts of things we are very glad to offer to our readers, but the one thing that we cannot offer them beyond the limits of the confession of faith above stated is *parti pris*.

MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT.

THE feeling of attachment which exists between a popular player and his audience is difficult to define or to explain, but its existence is constantly apparent. It is subtle in its essence. Some actors whom we greatly admire never succeed in inspiring it; to others it is freely given. It is, perhaps, a wide development of the Dr. Fell principle. Apart from recognition and appreciation of their merit, we like some actors, as it were, personally; while others of equal talent create a merely passing impression. Instances on both sides—instances which, we think, would be generally admitted by playgoers—might readily be furnished; but on the reverse side they would be invidious. No one can doubt, however, that Mr. Irving awakens a general feeling of regard on the part of many who only know him in the distance; and something of the same sensation must have been created by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, or the audience which thronged the Haymarket on Monday evening would never have assembled. It was a tribute to the work they have done; but such tributes are only paid when it pleases the debtor to acknowledge his obligation. The daily papers have sufficiently described the enthusiasm which reigned amongst an exceptional assembly, and it is not to be denied that the acknowledgment was deserved. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are fortunate in having made their own personality attractive through the parts they have played, in possessing a share of the gift the origin of which we have professed our inability to explain.

What tangible work they have done is more easily set forth, and their claims to consideration in this matter have been by no means over-rated. "It would have been the crowning achievement," the *Standard* says, "if a management so honourable and so successful as that of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Haymarket had been associated with the production of any new English play of a high order." It would, indeed; and the honour and the success would have been infinitely increased by such a production. Mr. Clement Scott in the Valedictory Ode which Mr. Irving recited with such perfect grace described how there had been on the part of the hero and heroine of the evening a willingness to contrast "French tiger-lily with sweet English rose," which was understood as a not very lucid reference to *Fedora* as opposed to the lighter English comedy. The first bud which Mr. Robertson presented—to carry on Mr. Scott's metaphor—was not very rich in colour nor delicate in perfume; nevertheless, for the fact that it was trimmed and offered for approval at the Prince of Wales's Theatre rather too little than too much credit has been awarded to the exhibitors. We know what *Society* was—wanting, no doubt, in much—but we can only guess what it would have been casually lumped on to the stage, as was too frequently the habit of the day. It was treated in an artistic spirit which made a not extraordinary

play a refreshing novelty. To hint that there were not admirable representations of comedy before 1865 would be to ignore the history of the theatre; at the same time, it can hardly be doubted that theatrical effect had been usually the end and aim of players. The artistic sensibility of actors and actresses now and again led them beyond these narrow bounds and instinctively directed their course to the study of nature; but this was exceptional. Look, for instance, at the purely artificial comedies of Mr. Tom Taylor, who was then a leading spirit of the stage. How often does he repeat that stalest of stage devices, the secreting of a personage whose presence the other speakers do not suspect and the appearance of the unwelcome eavesdropper at the most unexpected moment? Let the student turn to *An Unequal Match* if he desires examples. Robertson, with many weaknesses, avoided such palpable tricks. He was not a Sheridan. His managers would have been delighted had he approached that master. Their merit is that they made the best of the excellent qualities they found in him. They were faithful in their observance of the characters and incidents they undertook to depict, as Fechter was faithful when he insisted on dressing an Arab chief as an Arab chief and not as a French officer. No one will deny the sterling capacity of the late Charles Mathews; but it is instructive to note what a keen critic, Mr. G. H. Lewes, has to say of this famous comedian in one of his much admired performances, that of Sir Charles Coldstream:—"In the second act, where the man of fashion appears as a ploughboy, all sense of artistic truth is wanting." And the critic proceeds, as critics always should, to explain why:—"There are two methods of carrying out the dramatic conception of this act—one which should present a ploughboy, with enough verisimilitude to deceive the farmer and delight the audience; the other which should present a gentleman acting the ploughboy, and every now and then overacting or forgetting his part, and always when alone, or with Mary, relapsing into his native manner. Now Charles Mathews misses both these. He is not at all like a ploughboy, nor like Sir Charles Coldstream acting the ploughboy. So little regard has he to truth that he does not even remove the rings from the white fingers, although a jewelled hand is not usually seen directing a plough." Now the jewelled hand would never have been seen at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Exactitude was almost too scrupulously sought. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were as studiously careful of detail as the painter of an historical picture. Something of this care had been observed by Mr. Charles Kean in his classic revivals. In modern, or comparatively modern, plays it had been esteemed superfluous. In the days when the Prince of Wales's opened those fearful and wonderful creatures known as "Adelphi guests" were to be found elsewhere in red and yellow apartments, luxuriously furnished with two chairs and a table, which did duty for a magnificent chamber in the palace of a millionaire. To see on the stage a drawing-room resembling in every particular a drawing-room off the stage was a surprising novelty. Audiences went and wondered. Had there been nothing but upholstery and decoration the wonder would soon have abated; the strange thing was that the people, in what looked like the drawing-room, behaved to all appearances as people do in veritable drawing-rooms; for the skill of the artists enabled them to give just that amount of emphasis to their action, speech, and demeanour which made them seem natural.

In one or two cases the upholstery was overdone to the detriment of the play, notably in the adaptation of *Nos Intimes*, where, as we have before pointed out, the whole gist of M. Sardou's comedy was lost in consequence of the characters having been raised in the social scale. Opportunity for the handsome apartments of a gentleman's country house was provided, to the destruction of the story. This tiger-lily was transformed, and it would have been better had there been no transplantation of flowers which lost much of their native grace in English soil. After their migration to the Haymarket Mr. Bancroft endeavoured to grow roses. He sought a new Robertson, and lighted on Mr. Pinero. *Lords and Commons* was the result, and after that it was no wonder that lilies were again the favourite flowers. *Fedora*, *Diplomacy*, *Peril* were given, not, it may be suspected, because French lilies were preferred, but because there were no roses in the market. We may be sure that the market was searched, that it would have been the pride of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft to discover and aid the growth of another Robertson—of a greater than Robertson had it been possible, of course, but of a Robertson for want of a greater. Their strong point was in turning good material to the best account. Few will suppose that *Society*, if produced at any other theatre twenty years ago, would have been what it was at the Prince of Wales's. The ordinary *jeune premier* and *ingénue* for Sydney Daryl and Maud, the conventional old man for Lord Parmigan, mere eccentrics for Stylus and the frequenters of the Owl's Roost—with such as these the comedy would have had its day, and ceased to be, ceased without leaving an impression behind it. Did Robertson himself mean more than this? We know how the piece was hacked about and rejected. It had not even narrow escapes of the production which would inevitably have been fatal to its prolonged success. In London its rejection was decided. The great merit of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft—it may be assumed that at the time the young actor was admitted to the councils of the management which then consisted of Miss Wilton and Mr. H. J. Byron—was that they perceived the possibilities of the play, and determined to treat it originally—that is to say, naturally.

To know how to manage a theatre is a peculiar gift. That

the conductors of the Prince of Wales's enjoyed the gift is shown by the remarkable list of actors and actresses whose often undeveloped merit was plainly perceived by them, and adroitly cultivated. Miss Ellen Terry had deservedly won success, as Philippa in Mr. Charles Reade's *Wandering Heir* and other characters; but when more than ten years ago—in April 1875—she was engaged to play Portia in the revival of *The Merchant of Venice*, the choice was much of an experiment—that is to say, the managers of the Prince of Wales's relied on their judgment of what the actress could do, not on their knowledge of what she had done. How just their instinct was the rapid advance of this delightful artist to the head of her profession has amply proved. Their theatre has been a college which has turned out admirable pupils. The list is too long to be recapitulated. It is not too much to say that the majority of the leading players of the day have kept their terms and graduated under this master and mistress. Happily the time has not arrived when it is necessary to sum up the achievements of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and to consider the rank they may be awarded. They have retired from management, but not from the stage; if they choose it may be reasonably anticipated that a long career is still before them. The slight error of judgment in Mr. Bancroft's address of Monday night was his reference to the excellent health he has enjoyed, for when he took some credit to himself for having never failed to appear when his name was announced in a play-bill, this was really nothing more than to say that he had never been incapacitated by illness, and that if he ran things close in the matter of time he had been lucky in the punctuality of his trains or the soundness of his horses. The statement shows that it is not failing health which has suggested retirement. Of Mr. Bancroft it may be here briefly remarked that he has shown a capacity with which a few years ago he was not credited. In such parts as the *Hawtrees of Caste* and the Jack Poyntz of *School* he had been universally recognized as superlatively good. It was not a very high range of art, but in his hands it became noteworthy. That he could play Triplett, however, with the sensibility he has of late exhibited was never suspected; and in other characters he has shown that his powers have until recently been under-rated. It was Mrs. Bancroft's good fortune to be precisely fitted from the earliest days of her management. In all Mr. Robertson's comedies she was wholly admirable; it may truly be said that the modern stage has produced nothing better than, and very few things as excellent as, her Polly Eccles. The richness of the humour, the sincerity of the touches of pathos, made up a delightful study, which no one who saw it can forget. The contrast of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Mary Netley in *Sweethearts* has lately displayed the actress's truth and versatility. The stage cannot afford to lose Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and it is pleasant to think that they are not to be lost, though their friends have bidden them farewell as managers.

THE BELFRY & THE CHURCHYARD.

WHEN one has to "do" an old country church, is there most fun to be got out of the graveyard or the belfry? Without offering an answer to this question, we venture to observe that while everybody is aware that curious inscriptions are to be found in nearly all old country churchyards, it is not so generally known that the inscriptions on the bells in the church towers are often of considerable interest, and it is with a view to inducing those who are fond of visiting old churches to examine the inscriptions on the bells as well as those on the monuments that this article is written. We do not intend to make selections from books on campanology; all we propose is to give a few examples from both bells and monuments almost within a day's drive of each other in one particular part of the country, which may serve to encourage loungers—there is no need for encouraging antiquaries—in searching the bell-towers as well as the graveyards in their own neighbourhoods. It is true that the same mottoes and inscriptions occur again and again under slightly altered forms; that "peace and good neighbourhood" is to be found on very many bells; that in the instructions to ringers there is often a warning against ringing "in hat or spur," and that "for every fault a jug of beer" is cut on the wall of many a belfry; but bell-inscriptions are not always common, nor is their meaning invariably clear at first sight. For instance, the following inscription on a bell in a country church tower might not be understood by every reader at a moment's glance. "Hic sono que melis campana vocor gabrielis Jesu le seigne seynt anne per le ordynaunce aleisturys que div asoile pursagaunt mercy." The inscription "Our Life is changeful: view us now complete; Sedate we rose in Six, more gay in Eight"; on a treble bell in a neighbouring belfry, although in plain enough English, might mystify a person who did not happen to know that it and its seven companions had been recast, early in the present century, from the metal of six bells cast in the first half of the sixteenth century. There is a legend that the devil "put ye prynt of hys clawes" upon the old bells, and that they had afterwards hung silent for many years, until the present bells were recast from their remains. In the same county a bell bears the far less mysterious inscription:—"Our voices tell when joy and grief betide; Mourn with the mourner, welcome home the bride." A few miles further on there is a bell on which is written something not very unlike it:—"We greet the bridal and the birthday feast; We speed the soul, from fleshly bonds released, To that long home where grief and sin have ceased." Almost within

earshot of both, twelve bells in one town have each their story to tell. "In sweetest sound let each its note reveal; Mine shall be first to lead its dulcet peal," says the treble. Number two and number three then make their remarks, and number four observes, "When female virtue weds with manly worth, We catch the rapture and we speed it forth." Then other bells wish long life to King George, peace to the nation, prosperity to the town, and good will among the neighbours, until at last the tenor winds up with "May all whom I shall summon to the grave, The blessings of a well-spent life receive." In the next county the following lines are written in the belfry:—"To call the folks to church in time—I chime. When mirth and pleasure's on the wing—I ring. When passed the body from the soul—I toll."

Inscriptions on bells are usually so short that one would scarcely expect to find evidences in them of "uncorrected proofs." Yet such is the case, and mistakes are not uncommon. "Gloria Dea in ecclesia sanctorum" occurs on a bell in a church-tower in a county adjoining those noticed above. "Gloria ni excelcis Deo" is cast on a seventeenth-century bell in the next county. In the north of the same county a very curious blunder occurs on an old bell of doubtful date—"Sancta Trinitas Ora pro nobis." This is evidently a mixture of two inscriptions—"Sancta Trinitas miserere nobis," and "Sancta Maria" (or some other saint) "ora pro nobis." The words "Sancta Trinitas ora pro nobis" would never be knowingly used by the votaries of any creed hitherto invented, and the bell-founder in this instance had undoubtedly "mixed his copy."

Belfry-climbers in the West of England must be familiar with the names Abel Rudhall and Abraham Rudhall, of Gloucester, the famous bell-founders of the eighteenth century. The rough rhyme, "Abraham Rudhall cast us all," is to be found on many peals, and the inscription, "Success to the family of the Rudhalls," on the first bell, with the names of the churchwardens on the others, in a Welsh belfry, led a writer to remark that the bells seemed "to have been cast to the glory of the churchwardens for the time being and of the family of the Rudhalls." But this was not the universal practice in "the churchwarden period." A peal of eight bells cast a few years later than those just mentioned have each an inscription beginning "Laude Deum." The first has "Laude Deum Sanctum Omnipotentem"; the second "Laude Deum Secundum Amplitudinem ejus"; the third "Laude Deum Clangore Buccine," and so on, which we may regard as a wonderful piece of unselfish devotion on the part of the churchwardens, considering the spirit of the times. We may add that it was not only in the days of the Rudhalls that bell-founders cast their bells somewhat to their own honour and glory. A 1620 bell tells us that "William Clebry made me," and something of the same kind is often to be found on other bells quite as old.

We have no wish to conceal the fact that many a belfry may be climbed without the discovery of any inscriptions of special interest; but even when the bells themselves are uninteresting, the official who shows them is often more or less entertaining. Sometimes he has stories of ringers of his acquaintance who have rung between five and six thousand changes in three or four hours; or he may tell us how the villagers occasionally ask him for grease from the church bells as a charm for certain diseases; and he is not unlikely to try to interest us by making a statement of the number of gallons of beer that were drunk in the belfry the day the squire came of age, a statement which he will be surprised at our omitting to enter in our note-books. A certain Welsh sexton has a story of one of his predecessors, who, when his bells were cracked, used to go outside his tower and call the people to church in the best imitation he could of the familiar chimings with these words:—

Shon Morgan, Shon Shones,
Shon Shenkins, Shon Shones,
Shon Morgan, Shon Shenkins, Shon Shenkins, Shon Shones,

and so on, over and over again, until the parson was ready to begin the service. The sexton will also be able to explain the mysterious jangling, by which the ringer of the minute-bell, at the end of his hour's tolling, intimates the sex, age, and condition—married or single—of the deceased. The rustics always listen for these doleful tidings in rapt attention, not unmixed with relish. The student may also take the opportunity, when talking to the sexton, of learning the distinction between the wedding peal and what is called "the country funeral peal," the latter being a sort of ghastly parody of the former. It is quite possible, too, that the man may volunteer the interesting information that, although the new rector does not permit beer to be drunk in the belfry, as in days of yore, that fluid may still be purchased and enjoyed for a small price at the neighbouring public-house.

But it must not be supposed that the sexton will let us off without a visit to his graves and monuments. Indeed, in one church not very far from some of those that we have been describing, even as we are passing the organ-loft, in our descent from the belfry, our guide can point out a curious monument to an organ-blower. "Tobacco he hated—to smoke most unwilling, Yet never so pleased as when pipes he was filling"; so runs his elegant epitaph, continuing:—"No reflection on him for rude speech could be cast. Though he gave our old organist many a blast." In a neighbouring church the sexton can show an inscription on a monument to another ecclesiastical official:—"Here lies interred beneath these stones, Ye beard, ye flesh, and eke ye bones, Of ———'s clerk, old Daniel Jones." In a church further south the clergyman himself

is thus immortalized on a tombstone:—"Hurrah, my boys! at the Parson's fall, For if he'd lived he'd a-buried us all." A little to the west, again, the squire comes in for poetical commemoration:—"Here lies Sir ———, clad in his clay; God said to the Devil, airrah take him away."

Sometimes inscriptions on tombstones, instead of being epitaphs, are intended to awaken the sinner. In certain districts these are very common. It would be wearisome, though easy, to multiply instances of them; but the following, which occurs on a tablet in a church whose bells we have already noticed, may suffice:—"FFleshe and blode as Yow are so was I. Dust and Asses as I am see shall Yow be." As a concise statement of fact, the following inscription on a neighbouring tombstone is a fair specimen:—"Here lie three children dear, Two at ——— and one here." Those who visit the churchyard referred to might find a eulogium on the tomb of a French prisoner of war, written by one of his compatriots in Latin more caustic than classical, which so enraged an old school-master that he exclaimed, "I should like to have the flogging of the man who wrote that epitaph." On a gravestone in the same district an affectionate wife of former days commemorated her husband in the following deeply religious words:—"A greater blessing to a umman never mor was givn, Nor a greeter loss ekept the loss of heavn." A parent in the adjoining county makes two children thus speak for themselves:—"Spotless from guilt, the Lord He took we hence, To reign with Christ, not to return from thence. Memento Mory." In a neighbouring parish a memorial-tablet laments a man who "died of a chronicle abcess in his right side."

It is a common thing to find assurances of the strict orthodoxy of the deceased in monumental inscriptions. An epitaph over the remains of a certain high sheriff of one of the counties already noticed, who died early in the eighteenth century, described him as having been valued when living, and much lamented when dead, chiefly because it had been "his manner" "heartily to declare against the upstart Sect of the Brain-Sick Methodists." Very different is the simple announcement on the gravestone of a poor man who died almost in the same year, and in the same county, at the age of 104:—"Interred here, lies one hundred years and four; No one knew scripture less and virtue more; Peace his ambition, contentment was his wealth." In the centre of the district that we have been exploring we find a monument bearing an inscription which, without any breach of charity, may be called a little high-flown. After announcing that it stands over the remains of Elizabeth, wife of R. B., it adds that R. B., "the anti-spouse uxorious," whatever that may mean, was also "interred here"; and then it bursts out as follows:—

When terrestrial all in chaos shall exhibit effervescence,
The celestial virtues, with their full, effulgent, brilliant essence,
Shall with beaming, beauteous, radiance, through ebullition shine,
Transcending to glorious regions, beatifical sublime,

and much more of the same sort of stuff. On the whole, perhaps, the palm for rhyming should be given to the bells, and while we readily admit that there is much to be said in favour of the humour of the churchyard, we are inclined to think that the belfry is too often neglected.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON FÉNELON.

THERE are few Saints, canonized or uncanonized, who have more completely or more universally gained, as well as deserved, the homage of the Christian world, Catholic and Protestant alike, than Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. It is not at all surprising therefore that a new Life of him should have been added to the many which had already appeared in France, or that a writer in the *Quarterly Review*—presumably the same who not long ago discoursed in its pages on Bossuet—should have made M. de Broglie's new work the text for an article. The book itself we have not seen, and have no intention of course of criticizing; nor shall we attempt here to draw a biographical sketch of its hero; on that fascinating theme we took occasion to say something not many years ago in reviewing an English Life of Fénelon by Mrs. Sidney Lear. With the reviewer's general estimate of Fénelon we have no fault to find; there is little room indeed for difference of opinion about that matter among thinkers who are at all capable of appreciating, when presented to their notice, a singularly attractive model of human and Christian excellence. The writer justly calls attention to "the extraordinary many-sidedness" of Fénelon's character, "the almost infinite charm of his personality," and what he happily designates "his extraordinary genius for friendship"; he might have added his almost unique speciality for winning and retaining the affection of the young. Nor are we disposed to quarrel with his suggestion that there was in Fénelon's temper "a considerable admixture of the qualities which are peculiarly feminine." The ideal character, according to the old Platonic myth, must contain the perfections of both the masculine and feminine type, and all the world's greatest men have exhibited something of both elements. But there are some not unimportant aspects of his picture as to which we are unable to follow the reviewer, and we feel the less scruple in disputing his avowedly novel suggestions, as he does not give any intimation that he is himself following his author in propounding them. It is on these idiosyncrasies of his treatment that we desire to offer a few comments here; but first we gladly make a citation, the aptness of which will sufficiently excuse its length, as it appears to us admirably to sum up the salient points of Fénelon's

many-sided personality, except in one particular, in the line we have purposely italicized, to which we shall have occasion to revert presently:—

His was at once the most Hellenic and the most evangelical mind of his time; at one moment he strikes us as being of all modern men the nearest in mould to an antique sage; at another we see in him nothing but the Christian enthusiast, absorbed in the contemplation of spiritual mysteries. As an impassioned guide in the pursuit of transcendental perfection to the devout souls which had placed themselves with unbounded submission in his hands, his central and all-pervading lesson was "detachment from the world"; yet we cannot help perceiving that the keenness of his own interest in mundane affairs was never blunted, and that to his latest breath his heart was stirred by an ambition for political power, which was not the less ambition because of its entire freedom from the taint of sordid self-interest. Submission to the infallible voice of the Church, whensoever that voice was pleased to speak, was the corner-stone of his creed; yet the instinct of liberty was stronger in him than the instinct of discipline, and among the great writers of that Augustan age he was the one in whom the spirit of private judgment most successfully asserted itself against the claims of tradition and authority. And in whichever of his many aspects circumstances happened from time to time to present him, whether as the shrewd man of the world, or the chimerical and unpractical idealist—whether as the stately ecclesiastic championing his Church, or the mystic enthusiast incurring his Church's condemnation—whether as the devotional writer discoursing in ecstatic strain of an unapproachable perfection, or the elegant scholar enamoured of the graces of Pagan literature; it was always the genuine man that showed himself in authentic development, free alike from the disguises of policy and the pretences of affectation.

Fénelon was certainly *inter alia* at once the most saintly of scholars and most classical of saints, the most courtly of contemplatives and most unworldly of courtiers and men of the world. To one item only in this catalogue of qualities, secular and sacred, we take exception, and it requires notice the more because the writer has based on it an explanation of a leading crisis in his hero's life, which is almost demonstrably a mistaken one.

That Fénelon was an ardent philanthropist, as well as a zealous priest and keen theologian, there can be no question, and he was naturally and laudably eager to use any influence he possessed—as e.g. in the training of the Dauphin—for the promotion of a just and beneficent administration of royal authority, and he is thus rightly "ranked among the benefactors and saints of our race." But that he was during any part of his life, least of all "to his latest breath," swayed by political ambition, in any ordinary acceptance of the term, is a notion which appears to us not merely gratuitous but paradoxical. It is true that in a sense he felt his removal from Paris to the distant diocese of Cambrai as "a banishment," not at all—as the reviewer insists—because it exiled him from the current of French political life, but because, as he himself told the King, it exiled him from the society of a large circle of friends to whom he was deeply attached, and above all from intercourse with his former pupil, whom the King, after he had fallen into disgrace at Court, would hardly ever permit to visit him. That his appointment to the See of Cambrai, while supposed to be a high mark of royal favour, was really a device of his enemies to get him away from Court before the death of Archbishop Harlay, and thus avert the imminent danger of his succeeding to the See of Paris, and with it to "a commanding position of influence in public affairs," would be, if only for the reason already indicated, a very improbable and far-fetched surmise, which the reviewer has, perhaps unwittingly, borrowed from a sneer of St. Simon, who was too thoroughly worldly-minded a man to be able to conceive any other motive for his reluctance to accept the high dignity thrust upon him. But moreover there was no difficulty, according to the prevalent ideas of the day, in the new Archbishop continuing to reside a great part of the year in Paris, and carry on his tutorship of the young princes, and the King expressly told him at the time that he was to do so. And one little fact, which the reviewer ignores, is alone almost conclusive against his ingenious hypothesis. Fénelon was nominated to the See of Cambrai in February 1695, and Archbishop Harlay died in the following August. But it was not till two years and a half later, in August 1697, that he was ordered by the King to repair to his remote diocese, and not leave it till further orders. That was indeed a sentence of banishment, prompted by the offence he had given to the Court and the whole Gallican party, headed by Bossuet, by appealing direct to Rome against the censure of his too famous *Maxims of the Saints*. The refusal to let him proceed to Rome in person, and his dismissal from Paris, were no doubt the work of his bitter and unscrupulous enemies, nor was their malice satisfied till they had extorted from the weak complaisance or timidity of the Roman Court its almost confessedly iniquitous condemnation of his book. But all this, as well as the purloining and surreptitious publication of the *Télémaque* in 1699—which undoubtedly though most unreasonably served to deepen and confirm the King's implacable enmity against him—happened long after his appointment to the Archbishopric of Cambrai.

On another point the reviewer, with all his admiration for Fénelon, and with no intention evidently to be unjust to his memory, appears to us, from hasty assumption and confusion of thought, to do him a grave injustice. He treats as a current but unfounded "legend" the universal conviction from his own day to ours that in a persecuting age and country Fénelon was opposed to persecution. But it is certainly no legend that he refused to undertake a mission to the Huguenots of Poitiers and Saintonge, which the King at Bossuet's request pressed upon him, until the dragoons were recalled, and we have his own statements, in letters to Bossuet and De Seignelai, that "where the troops and missionaries work side by side, new converts crowd to

receive Communion," just as under similar pressure "they would renounce Christianity for the Koran," and that such converts he did not care to have. In fact orders were given at his instance that the practice of compelling them to receive the Catholic sacraments should be abandoned. De Seignelai, Secretary of State, made a formal complaint against his leniency in dealing with heretics. The reviewer's attempt to show that "he had no conception of the sacred rights of individual conscience"—what religionist of any Church or creed had in the seventeenth century?—simply amounts at most to proving that he did not consistently repudiate the entire principle of using force of any kind in religious matters. It may be feared that as much might be said of many excellent people, of very various schools of belief, even in our own day, and he who would vindicate his claim to cast the first stone at Fénelon must have very completely mastered in all its bearings the principle of religious tolerance. But moreover it should be remembered that at that period theological passions, in France and England alike, were accentuated by political distrust. There was the same indisposition to tolerate Huguenots in the one country and Papists in the other, and for precisely the same reason; they were regarded, not altogether without cause, as not only heretics but traitors. The reviewer rightly intimates that Fénelon inclined to the ultramontane party, but he forgets that the persecuting party in France at that time were the Gallicans, not the ultramontanes. It was the King and "that Gallic Pope, the Bishop of Meaux," as a Roman Cardinal styled him, who "wished to confirm their theological decisions by the secular and royal arm." It was they who contrived and conducted the persecution of both Huguenots and Jansenists, while Innocent XI., one of the best and wisest pontiffs for many centuries past, did what he could to stem the tide. Nor is it at all to the purpose to allege in evidence of Fénelon's persecuting tendencies that he "gave an enthusiastic welcome to the *Unigenitus*," which the reviewer calls, with his characteristic weakness for rash and indiscriminate generalizations, "one of the worst Bulls ever issued by Rome." To that comment we can only reply with the old scholastic formula, "*distinguidum*." The Bull was violently extorted and mercilessly enforced by the "Gallic Pope" and dominant party in France for a policy of gross oppression, and Rome may have been to blame for placing such a weapon in their hands, as it was certainly to blame several years earlier for yielding to royal pressure in the condemnation of Fénelon's book. Yet on the reviewer's showing—we cannot stay now to examine how far he is correct in his estimate of "Quietism," except to observe that he lumps together very different forms of it—the book fully deserved censure on its inherent demerits; its doctrine is "one of those impracticable subtleties and idealizing over-refinements," which are "inconsistent with human nature and unknown to the Gospel of Christ," and "it ends by allying itself with Pantheistic Deism." If so, the censure, however unfairly procured and used, can hardly have been in itself undeserved. At all events this is true of the Bull *Unigenitus*.

When we think of the Jansenists and their ruthless persecutors, we are apt to overlook the essential distinction between rival parties, as such, and the abstract principles for which they are respectively contending. We picture to ourselves on the one hand confessors like Arnould, St. Cyran, Pascal, and the Mère Angélique, who were indeed the salt of the earth, and then we turn to their unscrupulous persecutors, creatures like Le Tellier, or the infamous Archbishop Harlay, of whom Sainte-Beuve too truly observes that "of religion or belief, properly so-called, he had absolutely nothing," and that "the more closely his life is inspected, the larger is discovered to be the number of his mistresses," in the arms of one of whom he expired. And with this ugly contrast before our eyes we jump to the natural but not very logical conclusion that the Bull *Unigenitus*, which was obtained and enforced in order to crush the Jansenists, was "one of the worst ever issued." But that does not follow. The Jansenist tenets which it condemns are such as only an adroit theological special pleader could distinguish from Calvinism, while the teaching it affirms is strictly in accordance with what has always been regarded as "Catholic" doctrine, whether with or without the prefix of "Roman." What Cardinal Newman says of various papal decisions "repudiating one or two great lines of error, such as Lutheranism or Jansenism, chiefly ethical not doctrinal," applies strictly here, that they "do but express what any good Catholic, of fair abilities, though unlearned, would say himself, if the matter could be put before him." Such at all events was unquestionably Fénelon's estimate of the *Unigenitus*, which he welcomed, not as an engine of persecution, but simply for its vindication of what he held to be orthodox doctrine on the matter in dispute, as he insisted in a letter to Père Daubenton. He had nothing to do with procuring its publication, which may have been harsh and inexpedient, but was concerned simply with its contents. He was then indeed already nearing his end, and was less than ever disposed to favour severe or violent courses. And he expressed in a private letter his strong unwillingness to be present at the National Assembly of Bishops summoned to accept the Bull, unless it became absolutely necessary, because it was held to imply a virtual condemnation of Cardinal de Noailles, who had been one of his chief assailants. But we have said enough by this time to vindicate his memory from the strange charge of intolerance.

THE THEATRES.

BURLESQUES are the practical jokes of the drama, and people who do not like practical jokes, or who have an ethical aversion to puns, are probably aware that they need not pay a visit to Mr. Burnand's *The O'Dora*. People, on the other hand, who like this sort of thing find this exactly the sort of thing they like, to make use of the American President's widely applicable criticism. Apparently the efforts of æsthetic philosophers have never yet discovered any canon which is of closer application than this. M. Sardou's *Theodora* naturally clamours, as it were, to be parodied, and so do the mannerisms of Mme. Bernhardt and of her imperial lord. The big bed of state on which Mme. Bernhardt lolls, in the first scene, is not converted into a four-decked four-poster at Toole's Theatre. It is quite a little sofa, and this is rather disappointing. The acting of Miss M. Linden as the impulsive heroine is lively and brilliant enough, but is seldom a very close and successful caricature of the great original. Perhaps she is most amusing in her efforts to coil, like the serpent of old Scine, all round and about Mr. Toole as Andreas. But Mme. Bernhardt can tie herself into as many knots round her stage lovers as a casting-line which has got hooked into some remote and inaccessible part of one's garments. Miss Linden is not so pliant, but her very awkwardness (which is particularly awkward for poor Andreas) awakens immortal mirth. As for Mr. Toole, he successfully counterfeits the sentimental young Parisian lover, caught up somehow, unawares, in the coils of Byzantine court intrigue. He is particularly funny when he is being made love to, and in that scene of musical conspiracy when he perpetually and patriotically introduces "Rule Britannia" while the other conspirators, in the guise of Christy Minstrels, are aiming at quite a different melody. It is needless to remark that Mr. Toole's agonies after he has partaken of the philtre might move a Presbyterian Synod to inextinguishable laughter. Perhaps the best piece of direct parody is that of the real Andreas when he is joining more or less *sotto voce* in the song against *Theodora*, while the *The O'Dora* herself is lavishing on him all her blandishments. Mr. Shelton copies, with amusing closeness, the voice of his model as Justinian, and is certainly got up to look as like a highly unsuccessful Emperor in a Byzantine mosaic as possible, though not in the least like his original. Perhaps visitors to Ravenna will best appreciate the make-up. The scene between Miss Linden and Miss Emily Thorne, as Tamyris, is nearly as good as the original, and not very greatly exaggerates its Parisian absurdity. Tamyris is a Byzantine Mme. Cardinal, with one big son, instead of two little daughters, and Miss Emily Thorne not only hits her off admirably, but offers spontaneously some very necessary explanations as to the conduct and meaning of the whole piece. As to the drama of *The O'Dora* itself, Mr. Burnand has filled it with such a multitude of puns that the intellect toils after him in vain. The audience takes the joke at very uncertain intervals, and with a laugh, or a groan, as the character of each person may determine. Sometimes one is struggling to unravel a pun in the remote distance of the sentence last but two, while nimble wits are awaking to another three sentences in advance. Probably a number of visitors to the theatre have not seen M. Sardou's piece. Here, they may believe, is all the essence of it, all the strong situations, and almost all the frequent French absurdities, preserved and perverted, "reviewed, corrected, and considerably augmented," like the kiss which the lady gave back to her lover in an apologue of Théophile Gautier's. It is a prodigious advantage to have the unceasing original *Theodora* thus playfully abridged, and the audience owes Mr. Burnand the same sort of gratitude as is due by people who, having read his romance by Victor Nogo, feel dispensed from the prolonged and laborious study of *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*. It appears to be the law of the game that burlesque must be written in rhyming verse, and this makes it very difficult for the actors to parody the tones of speeches delivered in French prose. But we must take burlesque, like Rugby football, with all the difficulties provided by the number and hardness of its rules.

At the Savoy the *Mikado*, defying all causes which at this time of year may tend to empty theatres, continues to run, and that deservedly, its full and successful course. We need not add very much to what we said when the piece was first produced. The wit of some passages of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music becomes more striking on second hearing, while the melody of the passages in which there is no opportunity for wit certainly does not cloy. On the other hand, it is distressing to find amid the fun of the libretto such dreadful twaddle retained as that which dwells upon the charms of Katisha's left shoulder-blade. A humorist of Mr. Gilbert's calibre should have seen or should have learned that his point was made by Katisha's saying that she was an acquired taste. The vulgar elaboration is "heavy, heavy, d—d heavy." For the rest, the praises we have given the performers remain almost untouched. Mr. Barrington, it is true, now more resembles Herr Behrens in the art of singing in a key devised by himself rather than by the composer. Also he now spoils an excellent piece of acting by a deal of clowning in the last trio intolerable in itself, and further objectionable because he diverts the audience from the matters to which their attention should be given. He should take a lesson in this as in the matter of intonation from Mr. Grossmith, whose playing, however odd, is never excessive, and who uses his no-voice throughout both in phrasing and intonation to absolute admiration. We must recur to a high commendation of Miss Leonora Braham and Mr. Durward Lely, and we must add that

the gem of the whole performance both in acting and singing is found in Miss Brandram's presentation of *Katisha*, which is conceived and executed in the true and fine spirit of parody. To conclude, Mr. Temple's *Mikado* is so good in singing and acting that one wants more of it, and Mr. Bovill uses an unusually good bass voice with unusual taste.

THE RAILWAY WAR IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE appears a fair prospect at last of an end of the railway war in the United States. While the mania for railway construction lasted, a line called the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railroad was built, parallel with, and quite close to, the New York Central from New York to Buffalo. Mr. Vanderbilt, who has control of the New York Central, refused to believe for a long time that the syndicate of financiers who had the matter in hand were in earnest. He had at one time, it is said, been offered the charter for 5,000*l.* and had refused it; and he was persuaded that, as the New York Central is able to carry all the traffic of the districts through which it runs, capitalists could not be so unwise as to build a competing line that never could pay. The line, however, was built; and then Mr. Vanderbilt resolved that he would ruin those who had acted in such a hostile manner towards him. The West Shore syndicate was all along willing to sell the line to Mr. Vanderbilt, but naturally it desired to get from him a handsome price. Mr. Vanderbilt, on the other hand, made up his mind that he would teach them such a lesson as would prevent others from building parallel lines in the future. As soon, therefore, as the West Shore was opened for traffic, he lowered rates upon the New York Central to such an extent that all the other trunk lines of the country were obliged to follow suit; some, in fact, lowered even more than he did. In the end, the West Shore has been unable to earn working expenses. Very early it passed into the hands of a receiver, and the receiver has been working it by issuing certificates which rank for payment before the mortgage-bonds themselves. It is admitted by all parties that a receiver has power to issue such certificates for keeping a line in good working order; but it is contended by many that he cannot issue certificates which shall rank before the mortgage-bonds for the purpose of working a line. If the line is ever to be made a paying property, it must, of course, be kept in good working order, and therefore the issue of certificates of maintenance may be necessary; but, if the line cannot pay its working expenses, to issue certificates for keeping it working is merely to sink it deeper and deeper in embarrassment, and consequently to ruin more completely, not only the shareholders, but the bondholders. Accordingly proceedings were threatened to prevent the receiver from issuing certificates to provide for the working expenses, and this brought the dispute between the West Shore and the New York Central to a point. The proprietors of the West Shore, fearing that the decision might be given against them, felt that they were in the power of Mr. Vanderbilt. If the Courts should decide that receivers' certificates cannot be issued to provide working expenses, it is evident that the Company would have to stop running trains altogether, and then foreclosure would follow, and the property would be sold for whatever Mr. Vanderbilt might choose to offer for it. It is clear that there would be no other purchaser, for Mr. Vanderbilt has proclaimed again and again that he will continue the same tactics should any other Company buy out the West Shore. Accordingly, negotiations have been begun between the proprietors of the West Shore and Mr. Vanderbilt, and it is understood that an arrangement has already been arrived at. There are many difficulties yet, however, to be removed, and it is expected that there will be some delay before the purchase can be completed. For one thing, there are several persons who claim to have liens upon the road that rank prior to the mortgage-bonds. It is necessary to settle how far these claims are well founded and what is to be done with them. Secondly, there are conflicting interests, even amongst those who are in negotiation with Mr. Vanderbilt, which must somehow be settled. And, lastly, there is a law of the State of New York which forbids a Railway Company to buy a parallel line. Some device must be found by which this law can be evaded. Of course, where all parties wish it, means can be found for getting over difficulties of the kind; but the getting over them involves delay. It is anticipated, therefore, that it will be some time yet before the negotiations can formally be brought to a close.

The negotiations with the West Shore are only part of the arrangement which Mr. Vanderbilt is about to conclude. His quarrel with the West Shore was the most serious; but it is by no means the only one. Some years ago the Pennsylvania Company invaded the New England States, which Mr. Vanderbilt had previously regarded as his own territory. He retaliated by buying a controlling interest in the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company, and by beginning a new line called the South Pennsylvania which was to connect the Philadelphia and Reading with Pittsburg, and thus to compete with the Pennsylvania for the valuable mineral traffic of the Pittsburg district. The South Pennsylvania is under construction and cannot be finished, however pushed forward, for at least a year; but if it were to be completed and were to be run in opposition to the Pennsylvania, it is unquestionable that its competition would be very formidable. The Pennsylvania Company, therefore, is interested in coming to such a settlement with Mr. Vanderbilt as will transfer to themselves the new line. Mr. Vanderbilt is, on his side, in-

terested in coming to an arrangement partly because, until the dispute between himself and the Pennsylvania Company is concluded, he cannot hope to see rates so raised as will enable his own Company to work profitably, partly because the Pennsylvania Company can inflict injury upon him, though not perhaps as severe as he can upon the Pennsylvania, and, lastly, because he has lost a large sum of money during the past few years, and the building of the South Pennsylvania, together with the supplying of the Philadelphia and Reading with funds, is an extremely heavy charge on even his immense fortune. While negotiating with the West Shore, therefore, he opened negotiations with the Pennsylvania Company, and it is understood that there also the arrangement is practically concluded; but, as in the former case, there are several difficulties to be got over. Mr. Vanderbilt, wealthy as he is, wishes to be recouped for his expenditure upon the South Pennsylvania; while the Pennsylvania Company, regarding the building of that line as a mere attack upon itself, is unwilling to encourage competition elsewhere by paying such a price as Mr. Vanderbilt demands. It would seem, however, that influence has been brought to bear upon both sides sufficiently strong to get them to accept a compromise, and it is understood that the new line is to be passed over to the Pennsylvania Company, and that at the same time the Philadelphia and Reading is to become a kind of dependency on the Pennsylvania Railway Company. What terms Mr. Vanderbilt has obtained are not known; but he will probably know how to take care of his own interests in some way or other. In any case, he doubtless hopes that by terminating his quarrel both with the West Shore and with the Pennsylvania, he and the latter Company will be able to so raise rates that the prices of their securities will rise in proportion, and that he will gain much more by the rise in value of his various properties than he will lose by any sacrifices he may make either in purchasing the West Shore or in selling the South Pennsylvania.

Naturally there has been a rapid rise in American railroad securities in consequence of the successful negotiations just referred to. The shares of the New York Central Company, for instance, have risen in two or three weeks about 15 per cent., and the expectation is general that the rise will proceed much farther. It may be doubted, however, whether the rise is not already as great as is justified by the circumstances. There can be no question, of course, that the settlement of the dispute between the New York Central and the West Shore upon the one hand, and the New York Central and the Pennsylvania on the other, greatly improves American railroad property. It will now be possible to charge such rates for the conveyance of goods as will allow of fair dividends being paid to the proprietors; but it must not be forgotten, at the same time, that the economic situation of the United States is extremely bad. Trade is depressed everywhere, and the coming harvest promises to be an exceptionally bad one. The estimates of the probable yield of the wheat-crop are very likely much worse than the reality. Nevertheless, it cannot be doubted that the wheat-crop is an exceedingly short one, and that therefore the traffic of the railways will be small in the coming twelve months. A bad harvest, too, can hardly fail to have a depressing effect upon trade; and therefore trade is likely to continue bad throughout the coming year. With a bad harvest and depressed trade it is hardly likely that railway rates can be raised, or, if raised, that they can be maintained, so as to yield large dividends; and the unlikelihood is the greater when we bear in mind that during the past five years competition between the railways has been immensely increased. Five years ago, for example, the New York Central had four tracks, and was capable of carrying all the traffic of the districts it served. Now it is buying the West Shore, with two tracks more; consequently its carrying capacity is increased 50 per cent. No doubt it is buying the line very cheaply; but whatever the price may be, that price is an addition to its fixed charges. It will take the shape, no doubt, of bonds, and the interest upon those bonds will have to be paid before a dividend to the shareholders can be distributed. Consequently, the shareholders of the New York Central are buying a line which they do not need, and making the purchase a prior charge upon their property. Again, the South Pennsylvania, if completed by the Pennsylvania Company, will be equally unnecessary to that Company, will be a heavy charge to its proprietors, and will consequently diminish the amount available for dividend. All the old trunk lines remain, and they have been increased by two others, while the Baltimore and Ohio has now obtained admission to the City of Philadelphia, is about to obtain an independent line between Philadelphia and New York, and is about also to obtain means of competing with the Pennsylvania Company for the Pittsburg traffic. Thus, while trade is extremely depressed and the harvest is short, we have an enormous increase in the number of lines competing both for local traffic and for through traffic, we have a large addition to the capital charges of the principal lines, and we have several old lines financially embarrassed. It is difficult to see, then, how Mr. Vanderbilt and the Pennsylvania Company can raise rates very materially, or, if they raise them, how they can obtain a large traffic. They have still to compete with lines that are embarrassed and lines that are practically bankrupt; and these lines, though by no means so well placed for carrying traffic as the New York Central and the Pennsylvania, yet can enforce low rates by themselves offering to carry at almost nominal rates.

PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.

PEOPLE whose knowledge of Japan is derived only from books, assisted perhaps by such shows as the Japanese Village, can form but vague notions of the round of life in Tokio or Kioto. The impressions of the Western painter recorded on the spot must help to give form and colour to their unrealized conceptions. More than this may fairly be claimed for the exhibition at Mr. Deschamps's gallery, New Bond Street, entitled "Life in Japan." These pictures are the work of Signor Achille Sangiovanni, late Director of the Academy of Fine Arts of Japan, an artist who for many years enjoyed exceptional facilities of studying the *vie intime* of the Japanese. Among all grades of the community, in town and country, the painter worked with enthusiasm. The present series, though it numbers eight examples only, is of peculiar interest, as well as a rich and suggestive exposition of certain phases of Japanese civilization. The subjects comprise typical character-portraits, scenes from social life and the streets, with transcripts of landscapes. The paintings display remarkable technical skill and the refreshing qualities of humour and actuality, with the insight of a keen and sympathetic observer. The scenes depicted in two of the most interesting pictures, the "Public Bath-house" and the "Old Street in Tokio," no longer exist, having been swept away by the broom of improvement which is transforming Tokio much as London and Paris have been transformed. The street scene is vividly portrayed. On one side is a row of ancient archery-courts, outside of which is a laughing but unwilling youth being inveigled into the fascinations of the game. The nymphs who supply the sportsmen with æsthetic tea hang around, and express their exuberant delight in the situation. The figure of the struggling youth is exceedingly humorous. It is hard to withstand the contagious mirth which animates the spirit of this clever picture. The bath-house is brimful of interesting detail. The original was the only building of the kind where the sexes were separated. The artist deals with the portion devoted to women, a number of whom are displayed in various stages of the ceremony; while at the entrance, between the two sections, a male bather is conversing with a pretty girl. Two very characteristic pictures set forth the manner of visiting adopted by a newly-married girl. In the first, the customary present of tea is being conveyed into the house by a young girl, while the lady in her beautiful bridal attire stands by. The scene is on the road to Fujisan, the sacred mountain that so repeatedly appears in the imaginative designs of Hokusai, and the artist introduces a pilgrim on his way to the summit. The second picture shows the lady on horseback, her bed with its gorgeous vermilion coverlet forming the saddle, her trousseau in lacquer boxes slung on each side. "The Poetess," "The Dancing Girl," and "Playing the Schi-misen" are brilliant figure studies, in which the textures of the draperies, the splendid brocades and embroidered silks, the glow and sheen of rich Indian red, delicate blue, and creamy white are rendered with uncommon force and distinction. The Poetess contemplates a spray of hydrangea, and is about to improvise, as is the vogue among Japanese ladies; the Dancing Girl is a bewitching creature, in a costume of sparsely-figured white silk and pale blue sash, coquetting with a yellow silk fan decorated with a red central sun. The skilful harmonies of the audacious colours, the vivacity and breadth with which the figures are presented, are among Signor Sangiovanni's higher technical accomplishments. His work possesses so many aspects of interest it is difficult to exhaust their attractions.

It is just twenty years since Mr. V. Prinsep's portrait of General Gordon was exhibited. Additional interest attaches to this fine portrait, now on view at the Goupil Galleries, New Bond Street, because the artist believes that it is the only portrait of "Chinese Gordon" painted from life. It is the property of the Royal Engineers, who commissioned Mr. Prinsep to paint it on Gordon's return from his brilliant campaign in China. He is represented in his Chinese dress, wearing the yellow jacket that belongs to the Imperial bodyguard and betokens the highest military rank. The red button, not shown in the picture, but worn at the time in the top of the round hat, took the form of an enormous ruby, worth, Mr. Prinsep says, four hundred pounds. The face is singularly juvenile, the expression full of that engaging frankness which for so many people recalled the lines of the Elizabethan poet's description of Sidney, the "sweet attractive grace" and "the lineaments of Gospel books."

At Mr. Lucas's Gallery, New Bond Street, a picture by Mr. Stanley Berkley, entitled "General Gordon and the Slave-hunters of Darfour," is a very spirited and inspired composition. It depicts one of Gordon's most daring exploits—his ride without arms or protection into the midst of the slavers. He has just pulled up his horse in front of Suleiman, the son of Zebehr, who gave Gessi so much trouble; his action is admirably dramatic, and the likeness is not less excellent than the gesture is characteristic. The motley throng of chieftains, some in antique chain-armour with old cross-hilted swords, form a picturesque group. Behind in a cloud of dust a number of horsemen follow, with brandished spears and flowing burnouses. The picture in colour, atmosphere, and composition is a notable success.

One other picture of Gordon remains for notice, less for its technical qualities, which are slight, than for its strong verisimilitude. This is Mr. A. Melville's "Gordon at Khartoum," exhibited by Messrs. McQueen & Sons, 181 Tottenham Court

Road. It represents Gordon seated in his favourite camp-chair, his "Soudan throne," with his last despatch just completed. It is to be reproduced in photogravure, and will prove an admirable memorial portrait.

THE ANGEL KING.

THE poetical plays of Ross Neil share the unmerited fate of poetical drama in general in these times. They are better known to lovers of poetry than to playgoers. Occasionally, however, the opportunity arises for practically testing their dramatic quality, and our faith in the continuity of the national drama from the Elizabethan to the Victorian age is materially strengthened. Such an occasion was the performance last week, at Westwood House, Sydenham, of Ross Neil's five-act play, *The Angel King*, which was produced for the first time by Mr. Henry Littleton last summer. With the exception of Miss Emily Cross, the company was composed entirely of amateurs, most of whom played in the previous performances at Westwood House, and whose general efficiency showed practice and knowledge distinctly beyond average attainments. *The Angel King* is founded on a mystical legend that has often been treated by English poets, and is familiar to readers of Longfellow and Mr. William Morris. The dramatic value of the *motif*, and its capacity for stage purposes, we cannot but think are somewhat slight, in spite of Leigh Hunt's more favourable opinion, though Ross Neil has certainly succeeded in evolving its fullest significance and treating it with great skill. The theme is worked out with all the force and ingenuity of which it is susceptible, and with the judgment needed in an age that is deficient in a wholesome sympathy with the primitive qualities of poetry. Much naïf delight in the spiritual beauty of the legend can hardly be expected to move a modern audience. Faith has a greater part in the working of the imagination than we moderns are willing to admit. There is something incongruous in the association of cunning machinery and elaborate setting with a conception so purely poetic as the Angel who personates the King of Sicily. Not a little of this incongruity was absent from Mr. Littleton's presentation, to the sensible advantage of the drama. Nevertheless, something of the charm is inevitably lost on the boards that is so potent in a chamber representation, or in the mere reading.

With the fullest recognition of these facts, the performance in many ways displayed the technical skill of the author and the precise extent of the adaptability of the play. The rendering, good as a whole, included acting that would be worthy of note apart from a performance of amateurs. Miss Annie Woodzell's study of the Princess Blanche was winning and sympathetic, and her attendant, the Lady Agatha, was invested with natural grace, and played in good style by Miss Agnes Browne. Miss Emily Cross infused something of her agreeable humour in the part of the scornful lady, the Countess of Melazzo. Mr. Herbert James, as King Robert, showed the influence and training of a good school. His part is fraught with difficulties, and is indeed a severe test for a practised actor. Mr. James acted throughout with admirable consistency, and betrayed no sign of strain in his vigorous and impressive rendering. In those scenes where the trying ordeal of humiliation is working towards its close, the beginnings of repentance were expressed with real subtlety and finish. This is the *crux* of the part, and in this Mr. James's success was beyond doubt. Mr. Charles Fry, as the Court fool, showed he possesses the uncommon art of making a part. He played with great briskness and a good command of facial expression. In the scene of reconciliation with the King he touched heights that none but an actor with some creative faculty could reveal. The Angel was interpreted by Mr. Alfred Littleton with becoming dignity; Mr. Augustus Littleton gave an individual reading of the part of Martin; and Mr. W. Bell, as the Count of Terranova, was not less sound. The minor parts were adequately undertaken by Dr. Dulcken, Mr. Ayers, and Mr. Secker. Under the excellent management of Mr. Alfred Littleton, with an orchestra conducted by Mr. H. M. Higgs, with costumes designed by Mr. J. D. Linton, it is needless to add *The Angel King* was effectively staged. It may not be invidious to observe that among Ross Neil's plays are several that are of a higher dramatic quality and are far more actable than *The Angel King*. Two at least in a recent volume eminently deserve attention. These are *Claudia's Choice* and *Pandora*. Perhaps Mr. Littleton may be able to add these to his repertory.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S FOREST COMMITTEE.

ON May 16 the late Prime Minister astonished the House of Commons by delivering a learned lecture on the subject of forest conservancy at a time when Europe was agitated by the question of war or peace, proving thereby the truth of the statement that a man's pleasures are as important to him as his duties, and the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone lending his support to Sir John Lubbock no doubt had a considerable share in convincing the House that a Committee should be appointed to consider the question of forests. That Committee is now sitting, and Sir John Lubbock's exertions have at last borne fruit.

It is a crying scandal that a nation, which possesses, in its colonial

dominions alone, 340 million acres of forests, should have no school of forestry where students can be trained in the science of conservancy. Since 1868 selected candidates for the Indian Forest Department have been sent to Nancy in order to qualify them for their career, but by a recent decision of the Secretary of State they will now receive their training at the Engineering College of Cooper's Hill, which has the advantage of being in close proximity to Windsor Forest. It appears, however, open to grave doubt whether the field of experiment thus afforded them will be sufficiently wide, and the knowledge of forestry, as testified in the condition of English forests, sufficiently understood in this country to yield satisfactory material for instruction.

M. Boppe, of Nancy, whose opinion on forest matters is entitled to the highest consideration, undertook in 1881 a three weeks' tour in England and Scotland, during which short period he contrived to visit more than 300,000 acres of forest land. His report is written with a vivacity and literary grace which the servitors of English red-tape would do well to imitate, but it can hardly be said to be flattering to our *amour propre*.

Out of a total area of 20 millions of acres in Scotland, only 734,490 are afforested, a falling off of more than 200,000 acres from the figures for 1812, and, as it is only within the last fifteen years that Scotch proprietors have become alive to the importance of enlarging and preserving their forests, a very large portion of wooded land is covered with young plantations, which present a remarkable contrast to the older growths.

M. Boppe is especially struck with the favourable conditions for forest vegetation afforded by the constant humidity and uniformity of climate which prevails throughout the greater part of Scotland. He remarks, also, the wonderful results obtained from the cultivation of the Scotch pine and the larch introduced by the Duke of Athole in the middle of last century, which results should encourage landowners not only to enlarge the limits of existing forests, but to introduce other forest trees; for example, he suggests the naturalization of the mountain pine in bog-land. He is, however, fully conscious of the difficulties in store for the enterprising forester. In France the single aim kept in view is the provision of "un champ de production ligneuse." But the Scotch forest has to serve divers ends, amongst others that of a sheep pasture and a game preserve. Consequently, instead of the detached series to which M. Boppe is accustomed, he finds vast clumps of trees; instead of graduated and broken lines, he remarks a monotonous regularity of girth and growth. The forest grows as man has made it, and the modifying forces of nature are allowed no play. The undergrowth which would create harmonious variety, and leave a reserve when the older trees are utilized, is held in check by the ravages of cattle. Everything is cramped and enclosed; the factor has the key of the forests in his pocket; the wolf is shut into the fold. In fact, though arboriculture has been for a long time familiar to Scotch foresters, they have failed to make head against the combined hostility of sheep-farming, routine, sport, parsimony, and prodigality.

The condition of the New Forest is scarcely more hopeful. For centuries it has been a prey to unmethodical and unrestrained destruction, till twenty years ago 14,000 acres were enclosed out of a total area of 49,000. But even in the limited portion which is now conserved it will be long before the mischief of centuries is repaired. At present the plantations present a strangely confused picture. Pines, oaks, chestnuts, beeches, are mingled together in strange disorder. "It is not in the New Forest that the forester who desires to give instruction in his art will pitch his tent."

The Forest of Dean was established less than a hundred years ago, on the site of the old Forest, but it may still be called a forest of the future. It is almost exclusively laid out in oak, and this tree, giving as it does much less fertilizing *détritus* than trees of the resinous species, will occupy almost the whole of its lifetime before it fertilizes an ordinary soil. Here the traveller was filled with melancholy by the absence of underwood.

Windsor Forest was also visited by M. Boppe, and his remarks concerning it have a special interest in connexion with Cooper's Hill. "Windsor," says he, "est le Westminster Abbaye des végétaux en Angleterre; l'archéologie y tient plus de place que la sylviculture, et les représentants de la faune y sont presque aussi nombreux que ceux de la flore." Here the forester must leave all thoughts of science behind him and prepare himself for an ideal field of botanical study. Trees of all species, arranged after all manner of plans, will meet his eye, and the elaborate care with which each plantation is ticketed with its age and history will afford him ample material for the study of tree-development. Windsor Park is not a forest, but a museum.

In short, M. Boppe concludes, English and Scotch forests are either entirely created by the hand of man, and too young for practical purposes, or they are too ancient and exhausted by every kind of abuse; nowhere is there to be found any considerable area where trees have attained their true economic maturity. And yet, despite the fact England has an enormous and most precious interest in the creation of a Forest School, she is almost the only country without such an institution. M. Boppe's report has a peculiar value as the evidence of an independent and specially trustworthy witness, but he is not alone in his estimate of the position of arboriculture in this country. The authorities who have written on the subject in England practically concur with him. The speeches which constituted the debate of the 16th of May furnished ample proof of our shortcomings in this respect. Sir John Lubbock stated that, in answer to an application from the West Indies for some one to advise

them on their forest management, the Colonial Office had to confess their inability to find any such competent person. More than one of our colonies have been driven to employ foreigners. Recent data have perhaps rather tended to lessen the belief that any great modification of climatic conditions would result either in Asia or Europe from extensive afforestation; but there can be no doubt that much immediate benefit could be derived therefrom, as it is beyond dispute that in a wooded area the supply of water is regulated and preserved, while in places where the land surface has been denuded rainfall becomes subject to rapid dissipation, to the danger and destruction of roads, bridges, and other works.

A more specific reward is, however, offered to the Forest Conservator. Our imports of forest produce are estimated by Dr. Lyons at thirty million pounds per annum, and there are increasing difficulties in making up the supply. This demand might in great measure be satisfied from our English woodlands, and the growing embarrassments of landed proprietors in these days of agricultural depression might be much diminished by the profits of arboriculture, were that science fully understood and practised. Available for these ends there remain in Scotland alone at least five million acres at present barren and uncultivated.

Those who require encouragement in the matter should study the wonderful results attained by the Forest Departments in India, which have been in existence for less than thirty years, and now net an annual profit of nearly 400,000*l.*, or 66 per cent. on their expenditure. There is also the example of the Landes, planted about the same time as the Indian Forest Departments were formed. This region has, as Sir John Lubbock remarks, been transformed from one of the wretched to one of the most prosperous in France.

There appears until lately to have been a general belief that Englishmen had only to make their *début* in the Colonies to carry everything before them. This truly British self-confidence has, however, received many severe blows from the success of rival nations in fields which we have been accustomed to consider as peculiarly our own; so that a protest, which is now taking practical shape in the establishment of "The Gordon Boys' Camp," has been made against sending our youth across the seas with no qualifications but mother-wit to fight the battle of life.

We can only hope that one of the results of Sir John Lubbock's Committee will be the creation of some School of Forestry, where emigrants may have an opportunity of learning the practice of a science which has so intimate a connexion with the chief sources of England's wealth and prosperity.

THE BECKETT-DENISON SALE.

THE second part of this great sale began on the 20th of June with what might almost be called the sweepings of the picture gallery; but the day was interesting, for it showed that it was not only at the Hamilton sale that Mr. Beckett-Denison purchased pictures at a price beyond their present value. Five decorative panels of some interest, which are said to have cost 1,200 guineas, now realized but 37*2l.* 15*s.* A pair of pictures attributed to Watteau, which had been bought at Christie's three years ago for 81*l.* 18*s.*, were sold for only 11 guineas; and a so-called Sir Joshua, which had once fetched 157*l.* 10*s.* in the same auction galleries, now sank as low as 8½ guineas. A large number of objects of moderate value were disposed of on the following Monday; but later in the week there were some interesting lots. One of these was the splendid pair of celadon green Oriental vases, with beautiful ormolu mounts, of the very finest work of the time of Louis XV. They had cost 810 guineas at the Hamilton sale, and they now fetched 775 guineas, which was considered a good price for self-coloured vases 12 ins. high; but the ormolu work on them alone is exceedingly valuable. The pair of oviform Oriental vases, with a black ground enamelled with flowers in brilliant colours, that had realized 400 guineas at the Hamilton sale, now went for 275 guineas, and the remarkable pair of enamelled Mandarin jars did not make half what they had cost when purchased from the Duke of Hamilton. On the other hand, a curious figure carved in boxwood made 158*l.*, or some 30*l.* more than it had cost at the same sale. A brown jasper vase, too, brought a fair price at 245 guineas, and so did an amber vase, only 6½ ins. high, at 162 guineas; but the large Dresden group of Hercules and other figures went cheap at 76 guineas. A vase, only 5½ ins. high, of rock crystal, with a tint of amethyst, brought in 525 guineas. Now this vase but two years ago only realized 160 guineas at the Wells sale. A dark blue and gold Chelsea vase, painted with medallions, 13 ins. high, sold for 300 guineas, and half a dozen figures 11½ ins. high fetched 329*l.* 12*s.*; but a large Chelsea-Derby vase, that had cost 255 guineas at the Hamilton Palace sale, only made 120 guineas. One of the finest clocks in the collection was a curious arrangement, with a lizard pointing to the hour. It had revolving dials, and only the portions showing the time were exposed to view at once. It was encased in a stand of old black Boule, and it practically made a pedestal for a fine ormolu group of two children. It sold for 645*l.* 15*s.*, and here was a profit, as the clock had cost but 455*l.* at Lady Essex's sale. A rock-crystal chandelier and a Louis XIV. ebony cabinet, that had cost 420 guineas and 451*l.* 10*s.* at the Duke of Hamilton's sale, now only brought in 155 and 125 guineas. A Louis XIII. cabinet, again, that had cost 355*l.* at Mr. Popham's sale, now

dropped to 200 guineas; but by way of a little relief a pair of Hamilton pier tables, that had only cost 157*l.* 10*s.*, made an advance to 210*l.* The fine enamel by H. Bone, after Titian, fell in price from 236*l.* 5*s.* to 116*l.* 11*s.* The fourteenth and fifteenth days, on which silver plate was sold by the ounce, were not particularly interesting to ordinary people; and the same might almost be said of the sixteenth day, which was devoted to the sale of jewellery. We do not profess sufficient technical knowledge of tiaras, pendants, and necklaces to be able to express an opinion worth having on the merits of this day's sale; but there was a fine necklace of thirty-four single brilliants that went for 1,160*l.* The seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth days brought out decorative furniture, porcelain, and artistic odds and ends of various descriptions, few of them being of any great value.

The last few days of the sale were not the most interesting, but the tapestry, much of which came from Hamilton Palace, brought fair prices. An oblong piece, 12 ft. by 21 ft. 6 ins., dated 1735, made 400 guineas. A sofa, with ten fauteuils, covered with Gobelin tapestry, brought in 650 guineas. This tapestry was very good, the flowers being beautifully worked and the wreaths very graceful in design. Eight Louis XVI. fauteuils, covered with Beauvais tapestry, representing birds and game, were sold together at the rate of 55 guineas apiece, which seemed a good price. The Chelsea china, again, always made a fair return, although the late owner may have paid more for some of the pieces than they fetched. A vase 12 ins. high, painted with a group of figures on a deep blue ground, was sold for 180 guineas, and a very spirited group of two figures—an old beau and a girl, representing summer and winter—made 165 guineas. Although this piece was but 13 ins. high, it seemed well worth its price.

The grand total was, we believe, something over 92,000*l.* The lots that had been purchased at the Hamilton sale alone had cost many thousands more than this sum, so that it is obvious that the whole collection must have been sold at a serious loss. What that loss may have been we neither know nor wish to inquire; but it is remarkable that before the Hamilton sale it was supposed that the times were about as bad as they could be, and yet three years later more than a quarter of the things purchased at that sale were resold at an enormous sacrifice. The question is whether this was in consequence of the times having become worse, or of the Hamilton collection having produced a return far beyond its real value. The result of the Beckett-Denison sale may well shake the faith of the buyers of some of the other lots at the Hamilton sale, in the value of their purchases. After all, some of the highest prices at the last-named sale were not given by Mr. Denison. For instance, neither the tiny table that fetched 6,000*l.*, the secretaire that made 9,000 guineas, the commode at the same figure, nor the pair of armoires that made over 12,000*l.*, fell to the bids of Mr. Beckett-Denison. What would all these things have realized if they had been brought to the hammer this summer? Several critics have blamed Mr. Denison's taste; but some of the lots on which the greatest loss has been made at the sale of his collection were of great artistic merit, and can hardly be said to have been what dealers call "worse bought" by their late owner, than the average of the things purchased at the Hamilton sale. One thing that may have been against the Beckett-Denison sale was its prodigious length. There were 3,354 lots, whereas there had been only 2,213 at the Hamilton sale; and so many articles of little interest, though often good of their kind, crowded the sale, that from the first buyers, critics, and ordinary spectators were more or less bored. Nevertheless, as a sale of works of art of many different kinds, the Beckett-Denison will rank very highly, and to amateurs it has been one of great interest.

The Hamilton sale at nearly 400,000*l.*, and the San Donato sale at over 260,000*l.*, remain far away at the head of the list of celebrated sales; but then comes the Beckett-Denison sale, and, at an interval of some seventeen thousand pounds, the Stowe sale, which lasted nearly double the time of the Beckett-Denison sale. The famous Bernal sale only produced about two-thirds of the amount returned by the Beckett-Denison sale, and the great Strawberry Hill sale less than half of it. The Jones collection, which may be seen any day at the national museum, is said to have been valued by good judges at 250,000*l.*, but other capable judges consider it very much overrated at that figure. Several collections of modern pictures have, of course, realized about as much as the Beckett-Denison sale; but we have been comparing it with others of a like character—that is to say, collections consisting of old pictures combined with works of decorative art of various kinds. Many of the pictures sold at the Beckett-Denison sale had been ruthlessly treated by cleaners and restorers, and some of the old French furniture and metal-work was in a condition very different from that in which it appeared at the Hamilton sale. The best judge must expect losses if he does not take proper care of his works of art when he has bought them, or if he gives *carte-blanc* to so-called picture-restorers. It is also of importance that a free-handed collector should occasionally have a "weeding-out" sale, even if he has to part with his things at something of a loss. It is very possible that some great bargains may have been made at the late sale, and the present period appears to offer exceptional opportunities for collecting works of art at moderate prices. There used to be a theory that when people became "hard up," the first things they parted with were their books, the second their works of art, and the last of all their wines; but for the last year, or more, books have been selling far better than pictures and de-

corative objects. Then, in spite of the bad times, with the exception of the Beckett-Denison collection and one or two others of less importance, there have been few interesting sales this season; but if things go on getting worse, we may see more beautiful works of art brought to the hammer than we could wish, next year. Yet, melancholy as it is to see fine collections offered at auction, it cannot be denied that the familiar galleries in King Street afford the public, and especially the educated public, almost more amusement than a very enthusiastic lover of the beautiful would consider that the circumstances justified, and it was a lucky day for the amateur and the loafer when, in the year 1767, Mr. James Christie began his business in Pall Mall, next door to the house in which Gainsborough lived. It may be remembered that a portrait of Mr. Christie, by his intimate friend Gainsborough, appeared at one of the exhibitions of last winter.

REVIEWS.

THE STORY OF NUNCOMAR.*

SIR ELIJAH IMPEY'S name would long since have been forgotten but for his singular fortune in having been the victim of calumny reappearing after two generations. In his own lifetime he refuted the scandalous charges which were brought against him by Burke and Sir Gilbert Elliot, both of them acting at the instigation of Impey's inveterate enemy Francis. James Mill, in his *History of India*, repeated carelessly, if not in bad faith, the accusations which had been rejected by the House of Commons even while it was prosecuting the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Within living memory the most eloquent and popular historian of the age elaborated the Whig tradition and the condensed misstatements of Mill into the brilliant invective which has preserved and branded the memory of Impey. Another acute and practical intellect has now engaged in an examination of the transactions which had furnished Macaulay with materials for an application of a favourite moral paradox. "If," says Sir James Stephen, "Macaulay's account of Impey is to be believed, he must have been one of the most odious and contemptible of human beings, committing the most abominable of crimes from the basest and worst of motives, or even without any motive at all. . . . In short, he was a fiend in human shape, and a very contemptible one. I have not in my own experience of persons holding conspicuous positions in life met with any of the fiends in human shape, or even with any of those parti-coloured monsters with characters like the pattern of a shepherd's plaid, half black and half white, which abound in Macaulay's histories, and form one of the principal defects of those most delightful books." It is remarkable that an exculpation of Impey had been furnished within two or three years from the publication of Macaulay's famous Essay on Warren Hastings. Elijah Impey, son of the Chief Justice, published a comparatively dull octavo volume, in which he conclusively exposed some, at least, of the misstatements of the *Edinburgh Review*. All readers, except a few who may have had a special knowledge of the former institutions of British India, believed Macaulay's distinct statement that Nuncomar was tried before Sir Elijah Impey alone. The half-dozen students of Mr. Impey's reply learned for the first time that three puisne judges, Hyde, Lemaistre, and Chambers—had concurred in the judgment, and had been equally responsible with the Chief Justice for all the proceedings. Hyde and Lemaistre had, under an arrangement which then existed, acted as committing magistrates, and they afterwards publicly stated that they were from the depositions fully convinced of Nuncomar's guilt. A jury of Englishmen, after returning a verdict of guilty, refused with one exception to interfere by memorial or petition for the respite of the prisoner. When Nuncomar himself addressed a petition, which was not presented till after his death, to the Council, or rather to the majority which was bitterly hostile to Hastings and Impey, Francis moved and carried by a unanimous vote a resolution that the document should be burnt by the hangman as a libel on the administration of justice. On many other points Mr. Impey's book contained a conclusive disproof of the statements which it purported to answer. It is impossible to doubt that Macaulay must have read a work which was mainly addressed to himself; but in this, as in some other instances, he seems to have relied on his own popularity and on the obscurity and dullness of an opponent whom he knew to be in the right. In all subsequent editions the original misstatements were deliberately repeated during his life, and they have of course been reproduced to the present time. The younger Impey must have regarded with helpless indignation the cynical injustice of his invulnerable adversary. He may perhaps have hoped to find an auxiliary who would encounter his persecutor on equal terms. The invocation

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor

has, if it was ever uttered, been at last answered by the appearance of a champion who would not have been unworthy of Macaulay's steel. The present history of the trial of Nuncomar and of the attendant circumstances is a fragment of the original design. "Impressed," as he says, "with the importance which, in writing history, attaches to a technical knowledge of the law," Sir

* *The Story of Nuncomar, and the Impeachment of Sir Elijah Impey.* By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, K.C.S.I., one of the Judges of the High Court of Justice. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

James Stephen determined to study some of the great historical trials, and he fixed on the impeachment of Warren Hastings as a subject of exceptional interest. Finding that the materials were too voluminous to allow of the completion of such a work within a reasonable time, he selected the story of Nuncomar as an important branch of the larger inquiry. A reader of Macaulay would scarcely discover that Impey had been impeached on various charges, including an allegation carelessly repeated by Mill, by Macaulay, and by Merivale in his *Life of Francis*, that he had been guilty of the judicial murder of Nuncomar. Sir Gilbert Elliot brought forward the charge at great length and with bitter animosity; but, after hearing Impey's defence, the House refused to proceed with the impeachment in the case of Nuncomar, and the other articles were dropped by the prosecutors. No personal feeling suggests Sir James Stephen's exposure of long-established calumnies. "For Macaulay himself," he says, "I have an affectionate admiration. He was my own friend, and my father's and my grandfather's friend, and there are few injunctions which I am more disposed to observe than the one which bids us not forget such persons." When the present work has had time to produce its proper effect, the judicial murder of Nuncomar will be relegated to the limbo of exploded fiction, where, since the publication of the second edition of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, the sinking of the *Vengeur* reposes.

Few will dissent from Sir James Stephen's opinion that Impey was not an especially interesting person; but the industry and acuteness which have been employed in the minute examination of his conduct and of the charges to which he was exposed furnish a valuable contribution to history. The main accusation against Impey was that of conspiring with a personage far more considerable than himself. If, as Sir J. Stephen says, the proportion of results to the means by which they were attained is the test of greatness, Hastings was the greatest statesman of his time. A letter written by Francis immediately after his arrival in India to Lord North curiously illustrates the violence of his prejudices. "I can only say, with an appeal to your lordship's future observation, that, without denying him [Hastings] some little talents of the third or fourth order, we were as much deceived with regard to his abilities and judgment as to his other qualifications. I look back to my own prepossessions in his favour as a sort of delirium, from which he himself has recovered since." In after years Francis found it expedient to recognize his enemy's capacity for the perpetration of colossal crimes. In the matter of the prosecution of Nuncomar Impey was alleged to be the accomplice and instrument of Hastings. Readers of Macaulay will learn with surprise that the managers of the impeachment never even attempted to prove that any communication on the subject had passed between the supposed confederates. Their case was simply that the Governor-General might have an interest in procuring the death of Nuncomar, though his supposed object would have been as fully attained if the capital sentence had been commuted after conviction. The only alleged temptation which could have induced Impey to commit a judicial murder was a personal friendship with Hastings, which had been formed at Westminster School. Fiends in human shape require more urgent motives for the exercise of their characteristic functions. It should always be remembered that the pious judges must have been equally guilty with the Chief Justice, as they added nothing to the summing-up, and as they concurred in all the proceedings at the trial. Two of them were from time to time mentioned by Francis in his habitual tone of malignant vituperation; but their demerits were not so flagrant as to induce him to reject their co-operation in local politics or intrigues. An entry in his journal made about two years after Nuncomar's trial records how "Lemaistre and Hyde dine with me at the gardens, and engage body and soul with me, *envers tous, et contre tous*." There is not a shadow of proof that Impey ever entered into a similar alliance with Hastings. It is, as Sir J. Stephen remarks, irrelevant to inquire into motives when the commission of a crime has not been otherwise proved. If Impey did injustice to Nuncomar, it is immaterial whether his motives were more or less bad; and, on the other hand, a fair trial supercedes the necessity of any further inquiry.

Sir J. Stephen's analysis of the evidence will not be appreciated without some strain of attention. The summing-up of the Chief Justice, which is reported at full length, speaks for itself. It would be rash to affirm that all Impey's comments on the evidence were well founded, but, as Sir J. Stephen shows, several points in favour of the prisoner are suggested, and the jury is repeatedly reminded that doubtful questions must be decided in favour of the accused. There is no reason to doubt the truth of Impey's statement that he should have directed an acquittal, if Nuncomar had not injudiciously pressed for the recall of his principal witness, who was apparently thrown off his balance by the unexpected summons. The witness, on his further examination, perjured himself so grossly that his previous evidence became incredible and worthless, but nevertheless the whole case was left fairly to the jury, and there was no direction to convict. Some of the managers of the impeachment thirteen years afterwards seem to have been ignorant that a court of justice has no discretion as to entertaining a criminal charge. Sir Gilbert Elliot, who undertook the conduct of the case, scarcely referred to the details of the trial, probably because he found that no objection to Impey's conduct could be taken. The weapons and the arts by which the judicial murder was effected were not produced or even described by the prosecutor. The Supreme Court, though it was compelled to pronounce a capital sentence,

had power to respite the execution till the Royal pleasure was taken. It could scarcely be an unpardonable offence to refrain from the exercise of a discretion belonging to the Court. It would perhaps have been better to respite the prisoner, though Sir E. Impey in his defence reminded the House of Commons that the Court must have stated its reasons, and that it would have been difficult to comply with such a requisition. There is no doubt that the objection might have been overcome, as it was practically waived in Impey's more serious argument. The majority of the Council had with indecent persistency publicly announced its sympathy with Nuncomar; and a respite would have been ascribed to the fear on the part of the Supreme Court of offending the dominant section of the Executive Government. All the European community and a large portion of the natives publicly thanked the Court for its condemnation of a wealthy and powerful criminal. General Clavering, the chief member of the majority which was hostile to Hastings, withheld till it was too late a petition in which Nuncomar asked for the intercession of the Council. He stated that he had purposely delayed the presentation of the paper, "as I imagined that it might contain some request that I should take some steps to intercede for him, and, being resolved to make no application in his favour, I left the paper on my table till the 6th, which was the day after his execution." Hastings properly moved that the petition should be referred to the judges; but the majority of the Council carried an amendment proposed by Francis in a remarkable speech. He observed that the Court of Directors and the Government ought when they received the petition to be informed through the same channel of the reception which it met with at the hands of the Board. He hoped "that its being destroyed in the manner proposed [*i.e.* being burned by the hangman] will be sufficient to clear the characters of the judges so far as they appear to be attacked in that paper, and to prevent any possibility of the imputations indirectly thrown on the judges extending beyond this Board." As it afterwards appeared, the destruction of the paper was a cunning contrivance of Francis to conceal the purport of the motion passed by the Council. It is surprising that even the violent partisans who were long afterwards engaged in the impeachment of Hastings could listen without indignation to Francis's explanation of his motives for stigmatizing the petition as a libel. In addition to many other shuffling excuses, he assigned as his chief reason for proposing the resolution anxiety for the safety of General Clavering. Since Nuncomar had, as he suggested, been judicially murdered by Impey, there was no safety for any other enemy whom Hastings might wish to destroy. Clavering might as the principal member of the hostile majority be the next victim to the malice of the Governor-General, and to the docile injustice of the Supreme Court. When Francis propounded this monstrous fiction he well knew that the persons of members of the Council were by the Regulation Act specially exempted from the criminal jurisdiction of the Court. If Sir J. Stephen should hereafter accomplish his original intention of investigating the history of the impeachment of Hastings, he will probably have occasion to discuss at length the conduct and character of Francis. Even if he were acquitted of the authorship of "Junius," his perfidious malignity requires an exposure which it has not received at the hands of his biographers. His enmity to Impey, though not the mode by which he endeavoured to revenge himself, is in some degree excused by the heavy damages awarded by the Chief Justice and two of his colleagues sitting without a jury in the *crim. con.* action of *Grand v. Francis*. Mr. Impey, in his *Life of Sir Elijah*, attempts to fasten on Francis charges of corruption, of which the only evidence was his possession of a fortune which he could not have saved out of his salary. The explanation is contained in some of the entries in his Journal which were published by Mr. Merivale. Strange as it may seem, Francis had become independent by his skill and fortune at whist. He states that he had won in one night from his colleague and enemy Barwell 20,000*l.* According to an evidently exaggerated report, quoted in a letter of John Bourke's to Francis, Barwell's whole losses amounted to sixty lacs of rupees, or 600,000*l.* "Leslie won ten, Lemaistre twenty, and Francis the remainder," which would, therefore, have amounted to 300,000*l.* "For God's sake," wrote one of Francis's friends, "since you have incurred the censure of the world, keep the money to console you on your afflictions." Francis kept the money, and retired on a comparatively modest competence of about 3,000*l.* a year. Space will not allow of a full account of Sir J. Stephen's exhaustive criticism. Competent students who share the interest of the writer in the connexion of history with law will appreciate the dispassionate sagacity which has been applied to the solution of a difficult problem.

DISCOURSES IN AMERICA.*

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD was quite justified in reprinting his *Discourses in America*, though (as with most of the lay sermons with which he indulges a partly irreverent world) almost the whole of their matter has appeared, and sometimes, we think, more than once, in print before. We are not quite so sure, on Lord Melbourne's excellent principles about literary fellows and their relation to shelves, that he was justified in making a separate volume of them. But, as disapproval on this point might saddle

* *Discourses in America*. By Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

Mr. Arnold, who has made public profession of faith in our competency on literary matters, though not on some questions of politics, we shall not urge it. The book, though containing rather little matter for its size, is a pleasant book and sufficiently varied in its contents. In "Numbers" we have Mr. Arnold's well-known views on democracy stated with a slight difference—"put up for the American market," if we may use a terribly Philistine expression. The *courtisan-petit-maitre* is a very well-known figure in society, but we do not know that he has ever been exemplified quite so agreeably in literature as by Mr. Arnold here. The ingenuity with which he hints that all democracies are bad, and the adroitness with which he hastens to add *presque tous*, and make the traditional bow, deserve, in their own order of things, very high praise. The naughty goddess Aselgeia ("you have put all Europe out with your Aselgeia," a modern Mirabeau might say, for she is only *cette belle petite de Lubricity* with a new title) and the naughty French people who worship her come in for denunciations which are very just in substance, though there will always be some, we suppose, who will think that denunciation of this particular kind requires a certain sternness of form, a certain absence of prettinesses and furbelows of thought and phrase, which Mr. Arnold would not be Mr. Arnold if he supplied, or indeed could supply. Neither is the argument of the whole piece more logically impregnable than Mr. Arnold's arguments usually are. It is that his favourite "remnant" have a better chance of saving the modern big democracy than they had of saving the ancient little one, because of their greater numbers. We should be glad if Mr. Arnold would take us with him here. For the question of proportion is everything, and we are not, unfortunately, in possession of any evidence to show that the modern remnant is proportionally larger than the ancient one.

"Literature and Science" speaks for itself, and will probably be found by most people the most disappointing of the three papers. We are of George III.'s party (though in *alia materia*), and we profess ourselves quite ignorant of the fact that literature requires an apology. And if it does, we should like to see the apology given in a somewhat different tone and style. These encounters between Mr. Huxley and Mr. Arnold as to the respective charms of their respective mistresses are carried on, at least on Mr. Arnold's side, with a little too much display of fence and a little too little downright in-fighting. No doubt the more excellent way is to abstain altogether from a comparison which, after all, is, in the bad sense, the merest academic disputation. But if it is entered upon at all, there seems to us to be but scanty devotion shown to the true Florimel by exchanging salutes, describing some elegant flourishes, and then riding away. Let us rather set her by the false one, so that that false one shall vanish away, and then let us take Braggadochio (by whom we certainly do not mean Professor Huxley), and hale him out, and foully shend him, and reave his shield, and baffle him, and unherse his arms, and break his sword in twain and all his armour spere. Mr. Arnold will shake his head over the barbarity of these sentiments, no doubt; and, if so, he must be left shaking it.

The third paper, again of a different kind, is on "Emerson," and we shall not attempt to criticize it by way of pointing out where our own estimate of that writer differs from and where it agrees with Mr. Arnold's estimate. Speaking generally, we should say that the fault of it, in so far as it is faulty, consists in the fact that it is rather destructive of hypothetically erroneous views than (as a real criticism should be) constructive of sound views. It contains, however, some of Mr. Arnold's best writing, some interesting biographical details, and not a little agreeable anecdote. We wish Mr. Arnold would give us a copy of the tract wherein he discovered the statement that "An earnest man will expressly avoid what gives agreeable sensations." If it were not wrong to build the lofty theory on so slight a foundation, we should say that this tract-writer must have been a concealed humorist, and the scope for concealed humour in contributions to tract literature is so vast that it is delightful, though rather awful, to meditate on it. The brief introduction to the volume, at least in the passage where Mr. Arnold once more tries to exhibit himself as a practical politician, is, as was to be expected, the weakest in the whole book. Not at all in an impish and demoniac manner, but writing tenderly and in a fatherly spirit (as, indeed, we wrote on that occasion which made Mr. Arnold so angry), let us once more assure Mr. Arnold that he never will be a practical politician, if he lives (which we hope he may do) to the age of Jared—Methuselah has had too much hard work in literature. If he wants demonstration of the fact—they often do, but seldom profit by it—let us point out to him that in this very passage he comforts himself by observing that the individual Englishman still does his duty well as a consequence of "our having had as a people a firm faith in conduct," and just below asserts that, "Unless we are transformed, we cannot finally stand." Very likely Mr. Arnold does not see the contradiction; indeed, if he had, he would not have made it, and then he might have been a politician; whereas at present we fear Glenkindie's harp itself will never get any true politics out of him. "No, Cousin Matthew, you will never be a politician."

SOME NEW STORIES.*

THOUGH the first two authors on our list have given to their works the specific superscription of a *novel*—a preciseness which to the suspicious mind might suggest a lurking sense of misgiving—we prefer to class them all as tellers of stories. There is, indeed, no Act of Parliament which prevents Mr. Crawford or Mrs. Cudlip from calling their books novels, or encyclopædias, if they please, or primers. But from immemorial time the reviewer has been an irresponsible creature, a sort of unchartered libertine, who will never be bound to take an author at his own valuation. It is, of course, difficult to mark the distinction between novels and stories. All novels are stories—this, it will be seen, is a purely abstract proposition—but assuredly all stories are not novels. Perhaps as good a workday distinction as one could get is that of substance. If we call any work of fiction below a certain bulk a story, and any one above it a novel, we shall hardly go very far wrong. This, at any rate, is the method we have preferred, and we do not think it need be very seriously disputed.

Mr. Crawford has, it is true, taken two volumes to his story, but that is plainly a publisher's fancy, and not an author's need. His volumes are small, his pages are small, his margins are large, and his matter is not packed very close. His story is a comedy of errors in miniature, with a slight touch of tragedy at the end; but the errors have all been committed off the stage, and their consequences only come under our notice. We have used the theatrical term designedly, for we cannot away with a lurking idea that Mr. Crawford's story was originally cast in a theatrical shape. It has much the air of the modern comedy, in the arrangement of the scenes, and in the conduct and language of the characters.

Briefly sketched, the story runs somewhat in this wise—and first we may say that, despite the alarming possibilities of the title, the book is a very mild-mannered one, and would need, we think, hardly any explanation that might not be offered in the presence of Mrs. Boffin. The lady whose reputation is at stake is a certain Viola Templeton, otherwise Rivers, otherwise Chester, a beautiful and accomplished actress (of course)—at least, we believe the "reputation" to be hers, but we must own to have got rather confused between her and Professor Alice Peacocke, a strong-minded young person, who wears trousers and lectures on women's rights. They are both of English birth; but their adventures have been in America, and have been, as the humorists of that country say, a little mixed. They have both married the same man, or think they have, a certain James Chester as they know him, or James Scatterd as we know him. James—who is understood to be really a very good sort of fellow, though he has had losses—married Viola conceiving that his former bonds with Alice had been dissolved by law. Then it is borne in upon him that he has been premature, whereupon (being really the soul of honour whatever circumstances may suggest) he abruptly leaves Viola at the church door, informing her by letter of his mistake, comes to England, changes his name, and, when we meet him, is the trusted and trusty agent of Sir George Gooderich. This amiable baronet is also the guardian of Professor Alice, who is staying with him during the progress of the story, and an old family friend of Viola's. His nearest neighbour is a certain Jack Morland, a fine young yeoman who yearns to marry Viola. Viola comes down from London (being for the nonce out of an engagement, as will happen sometimes, even to the most beautiful actresses) to see her lover under his own fig-tree; there is a mother, and all things convenient, so Mrs. Grundy's mouth is closed. There is a Lord Grundy, by the way, in the story, but he is only a sort of Adelphi guest. Thus we get Alice, Viola, and James Chester-Scatterd all in the same little blessed plot of land (it should here be said that the two ladies have no previous knowledge of each other), and the most tremendous complexities ensue. We have been unable quite to satisfy ourselves which of the two this seductive James is really married to, if to either. But our presumption is that Viola is the real Mrs. Simon Pure; and, if this was so, she must surely, if the marriage laws of England be what we imagine them to be, have run a grave risk when she walked quietly off to the village church with John Morland. However, as James falls, or good-naturedly pitches himself, down an old quarry on the night before the wedding, no evil results follow, except to James. There is a tragedy, it will be seen, in this comedy of errors; indeed, two, for Viola soon follows James, not down the quarry, but to the cold and silent tomb. The Professor abides, as one may say, in her breeches, and goes back to her professing with a clear conscience; and the only two who are left completely happy are John's cousin Rose, whom he should have married, and Viola's brother Tom (a young

* *A Woman's Reputation*. A Novel. By Oswald Crawford, Author of "The World We Live In" &c. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

No Medium. A Novel. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cadlip), Author of "Eyre of Blendon" &c. London: White & Co. 1885.

Bootsie's Baby: a Story of the Scarlet Lancers. By J. S. Winter, Author of "Cavalry Life" &c. London: Warne & Co. 1885.

Elf Island: a Fairy Tale. By Captain Preston Battersby. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1885.

The Story of a Short Life. By Julianna Horatia Ewing, Author of "Jackanapes" &c. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1885.

Mary Roper's Story. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1885.

man with a general eye for artistic effect), who marries Rose, and settles, as people with such eyes do in fiction settle, in South Kensington. Mr. Crawford writes easily, perhaps a little too easily. Sometimes he falls into a convenient phrase, or a nice concatenation of words; but for the most part his style is slipshod, and much of his dialogue would sound, we should fancy, singularly thin and bald, even for modern comedy.

Mrs. Cudlip's story is an exposition of the bold bad ways of the medium and its belongings. Our sympathy is in this instance wholly centered in the bold bad ones. For, if such an astounding fool as Mrs. Chesterton be a natural and accomplished fact, then we do most surely hold that it is the bounden duty of all man and womankind to bring her to every possible confusion. The story in skilful hands might have been made something of. The hand that wrote *The Woman in White* might have played rarely with this confusion between the living and the dead. But in these hands it is a futile thing. Practice has not made Mrs. Cudlip perfect in the art of story-telling, nor has it even yet wholly revealed to her the nice secrets of the English tongue. One good point, however, her last story has. The scene is laid in Bayswater; the characters, the "local colour," the atmosphere generally, are of Westbourne Grove and the parts adjacent. It is, by the way, surely a sad oversight to represent the ladies shopping at the stores in Victoria Street and not at the great Mr. Whiteley's—but perhaps Mr. Whiteley's was on fire. But to consider thus is to be too curious. Mrs. Cudlip has, we say, done well, for obvious reasons, to select that neighbourhood for her stage.

The prevailing impression left by Mr. Winter's little story is one of the extreme facility with which the officers of Her Majesty's cavalry are amused. If all other bold dragoons are as the Scarlet Lancers, the mounted branch of the service should be a merry profession. From the samples given of their taste in humour, Captain Algernon Ferrers (commonly known as "Bootles") and his gallant comrades must have constitutionally resembled the damsel of the "Idle Lake,"

who did assay
To laugh at shaking of the leaves light.

But in other ways the story is a pretty tiny little kickshaw enough. Some of those fearful men who have all plots past, present, and to come in their heads say this, of a baby being suddenly and mysteriously palmed off on an unmarried officer, is no new one. Perhaps; but it will serve. "Bootles" is, at any rate, a very good fellow, and Miss Mignon a delightful little bit of childhood. The discovery of the baby's real parentage, which will probably have been anticipated by most readers, is rather clumsily brought about.

The three remaining books seem rather to have been born out of their due time. They belong to that class of literature one looks for mostly about the time of mince-pies and the shortest day. It is greatly to Captain Battersby's credit that in his fairy tale he has avoided all comparison with "Lewis Carroll." The temptation must have been strong, but he has withstood it like an officer and a gentleman. There is no fun about the tale of little Hilda's visit to "Elf Island," but there is a gentle, tender simplicity about it which might take children not too uproariously bent. The prefatory verses are much in the same way, and far better than most of their class. A particular and melancholy interest belongs to the last story children will ever read from Mrs. Ewing's kindly hand. It was published on the day of her death. Touched with all her wonted charm of sentiment and style, it is, perhaps consciously, the saddest of all her tales; but, though the poor little hero dies, he is happy in his lot—a bright whimsical little mannikin as ever lived, and died. The illustrations are not by Mr. Caldecott, but they serve; and, indeed, there is one, of "Sweep" at his bath, which Mr. Caldecott's self might have owned. Of *Mary Roper's Story*, one may say that it is pious, and so far to the purpose; also, that there is no undue parade of Christian knowledge. More than this it is perhaps not possible to say; but to say this is much.

NEW LAW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.*

NO class of law-abiding citizens pursues its avocations under graver perils than those which encompass election agents and returning officers. Therefore Mr. Frank Parker, in preparing for the use of such persons a systematic, intelligible, and reasonably compendious account of "that which they may do, that which they must do, that which they must not do, and that which they should avoid doing in the conduct of a Parliamentary election," has performed a virtuous act which we trust will not be its own

* *The Powers, Duties, and Liabilities of an Election Agent and of a Returning Officer.* By Frank R. Parker, Solicitor and Parliamentary Agent. London: Knight & Co. 1885.

The Law of Domestic Relations; including Husband and Wife, Parent and Child, Guardians and Ward, Infants, and Master and Servant. By William Pinder Eversley, B.C.L., M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1885.

The Law of Real Property; chiefly in Relation to Conveyancing. By Henry W. Challis, M.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Reeves & Turner. 1885.

A Treatise on Banking Law. By J. Douglas Walker, M.A., of Lincoln's Inn and the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1885.

The Justices' Note-Book; containing a Short Account of the Jurisdiction and Duties of Justices, and an Epitome of Criminal Law. By W. Knox Wigram, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, J.P., Middlesex and Westminster. Fourth Edition. London: Stevens & Sons. 1885.

reward. For his method he has formed the discreet resolve to place himself "in the position of the election agent (or returning officer) to look at the question as he would be likely to regard it, and to lean to the side of prudence rather than that of risk." The result is a digest of very useful, well-arranged, and accurate information, and we commend it to all who dabble, however humbly, in the pleasing perils of electioneering. The mere voter, if he happens to be of the surprisingly large number who find a difficulty in making a cross with a pencil on the part of a ballot-paper designed for that purpose, may gather wisdom from Mr. Parker, who prints facsimiles of a number of ballot-papers which were or were not rejected, principally in the leading case of Woodward v. Sarsons. It seems hard on Mr. Sarsons that he should have lost the vote of an elector who wrote the word "Sarsons" on the spot where he should have made a X, while he was allowed to keep a vote signified by X. It is surprising that where a voter had made a very long cross thus X, extending far into the divisions of both candidates, it should have been counted as a vote for him in whose territory the intersection of the cross was situated. We are indebted to the draftsman of the "Instructions to Presiding Officers and Poll Clerks" which Mr. Parker prints in an Appendix for the delightful marginal note "Blind, Jewish, and Illiterate Voters." The explanation, perhaps almost more surprising than the collocation, is that, if the poll happens to be taken on a Saturday, some Jews object (though some do not) to make a cross for themselves on the ballot-paper, although they have come to the polling-booth to vote, and are ready to do so vicariously, and that then the presiding officer may do it for them as if they were blind or could not read. In this connexion it is instructive to observe that the only constituencies in which more than a thousand illiterate voters exercised the franchise in 1880 were Dudley, Manchester, and Birmingham in that order, and that in all of them the Liberal candidates obtained handsome majorities. Manchester only beat Birmingham by six. Conservative Devonport and Liberal Liskeard shared the triumphant eminence of having only two illiterate voters apiece. A very complete collection of statutes, including the full text of the terrible Act of 1883, occupies one of the appendices; while another contains a number of forms which appears enough to deal with every emergency that might arise. It need hardly be said that the book contains some surprising information as to judicial decisions; for instance:—"The supply of drink and tobacco by the agent's wife to seven voters who were passing the night in the agent's house, and were to be taken to the poll by him the next morning, was held not to be corrupt, although it was clear that this was given to these men because they were about to vote for the agent's candidate." We should think they were, and we should also think that if such a thing were to happen nowadays—which, of course, is impossible—the Corrupt Practices Act, 1883, sect. 1, subs. 1, would have something to say to it. It is consolatory to learn that (before 1883) "the wearing of cockades, ribbons, &c., though illegal, will not avoid the election." But let no one forget that to buy or sell a "cockade, ribbon, &c.," for the purpose of being so worn is an "illegal payment" (whether the goods are actually paid for or not), punishable with a fine of 100*l.* As the book is intended to be used "in the hurry and excitement of an election contest," Mr. Parker has done well whenever he quotes a decided case to give the full reference in the text, and to specify the particular page on which the required authority will be found.

When a treatise on law begins with such a sentence as "Whatever may have been the most early form of human society, it is now generally accepted that the Family is the parent of social and political life, as it has existed from remote historic times down to the present period. The fundamental conception of the term family is," &c., we know that we are in for a large and leisurely discussion. Nor does Mr. Eversley disappoint us. In 1,097 octavo pages he tells of the Law of Domestic Relations—the relations, to wit, of husband and wife, parent and child, guardian and ward, infants (and what?), and master and servant. This is, therefore, as the preface expressly indicates, a student's book—being, indeed, an application of the method in which Blackstone and the other universal commentators have treated the whole body of the law to one part of it, and that relatively a small part. In these days it is probably impossible for any practitioner of the law, whether judge or counsel, to have anything like a thorough acquaintance with the whole of it, and therefore it is perhaps vain, though it is certainly natural, to regret the tendency of lawyers to become specialists even in their student days. The study of the law is distinct and widely different from the practice of it, though the two sometimes merge, by almost imperceptible degrees, into each other in the case of those newly-called, or about-to-be-called, barristers who are the pupils of men in more or less active practice. If students should find it more to their advantage to study one branch of the law in detail, and to leave all others alone, than to peruse commentaries in which each particular branch is rather sketched than exhaustively treated, we may expect the demand for such books as Mr. Eversley's to increase, and there can be no manner of doubt that in that case the supply will increase with it. In an introductory inquiry into the legal aspect of the institution, Mr. Eversley decides, upon a somewhat scrappy examination of authorities, that marriage "is a status and not a mere contract," whence it ensues "that the State or Legislature has it in its power to cure an invalidity arising from mere defects in form where the parties marrying had a matrimonial intent; so, too, on the contrary, it can render null and void marriages already

contracted if it thinks fit to do so." As a proposition in abstract jurisprudence, if there is such a thing, this may be true; but if it is intended for a statement of the law of England, we should like to hear what Sir James Hannen has to say to it. The account of the law of Husband and Wife which follows, and which takes up nearly half the book, treats first of the "marriage laws," that is the law of how people can marry, of England, Scotland, and Ireland respectively, and then, after a brief digression concerning breach of promise, of the various incidental consequences of marriage, from such remnants of marital rights as the Act of 1882 has left untouched, down to separate estate, divorce, dower, and tenancy by the curtesy. For the Scotch law Mr. Eversley is indebted to Lord Fraser. The chapters on Parent and Child contain a useful account of the various matters affecting illegitimate children. Those on Infants are sufficiently detailed to include a reference to their capacity or otherwise to commit crime. In this connexion we desire to call Mr. Eversley's attention to the fourth line of p. 791, where he will find a substantive illiterately used as a verb, which is the more to be regretted as his language generally is as correct as most people's. We trust that a long time may elapse before the spectacle, apprehended by Mr. Eversley, of an infant sympathizer with Mr. Bradlaugh claiming to affirm in the witness-box may arise to embarrass our judges. The chapter on Apprenticeship is hardly adequate to the due treatment, in a work on this scale, of an ancient, interesting, and important branch of the law. On the other hand, "the servant's character"—his written character from his former master—is fully and well treated of. On the whole, if Mr. Eversley's book was as well bound as it is printed, it would be, though not supremely valuable, a very good and praiseworthy book of its kind. The index, so far as we have been able to test it, is good, but would be all the better for a few more cross-references.

Mr. Challis now publishes in a separate volume, under the comprehensive title of *The Law of Real Property*, the first part of the work on the Conveyancing and Settled Land Acts written by him in collaboration with Mr. H. J. Hood, which we have already noticed in these columns. He has, however, considerably expanded the old matter, and has introduced new chapters upon the Rules of Limitation at Common Law, the Rule in Shelley's Case, the Descent of a Fee-Simple, and Concurrent Ownership. The publication comes just too soon for the chapter on the Rule in Shelley's Case to contain any mention of what is probably still the most recent decision upon it—namely, the case of *Bowen v. Lewis*, which was decided in the House of Lords in the course of last year. That case was fought with truly Welsh pertinacity about a farm, of which the fee-simple was not worth more than 50*l.*, and as it provoked much difference of judicial opinion, and was finally decided by Lords Cairns, Blackburn, and Fitzgerald against the formidable dissent of Lords Selborne and Bramwell, it will probably always remain an interesting subject of study to those who entertain the feelings of an artist about real property law; but, inasmuch as the will the effect of which was disputed was made by a person who died some years before the passing of the New Wills Act, its practical consequences are not likely to be of great importance. In confutation of an imaginary charge of having "cumbered" his pages "with an overdose of archaic learning," Mr. Challis triumphantly points to the recent case of *Blake v. Hyne*, in which an elementary question as to the nature of qualified fees simple, which he had adverted to as unsettled in his earlier work, arose for the first time in the history of English law. Lawyers may regret that even now it has not been settled by any authority higher than that of the Court of Appeal in Ireland. Those who are acquainted with the learning and industry already displayed by Mr. Challis will understand that it is paying him no mean compliment to say that those parts of his book which are new appear in every way worthy of what preceded them.

Mr. Douglas Walker has published a second edition of his *Treatise on Banking Law*, in which all such persons as are interested in the legal effect of cheques, bills, pass-books, circular notes, and postal orders, as well as the more recondite subjects which may arise in this connexion, may find most, if not all, things that they may require to know. It contains new chapters on Appropriation of Securities and the Relations of Principal and Surety, and a reasonably full appendix of statutes. The index is rather defective. To take a commonplace example; any one wishing to discover the legal effect of crossing a cheque, or of crossing it "not negotiable," would naturally look under the headings "crossed cheque," and "not negotiable," respectively, which they will not find in Mr. Walker's index, and not under the heading "cheque," where the required information is given.

The fourth edition of Mr. Knox Wigram's *Justices' Note-Book* is a good, useful piece of work. The motto on the title-page, in which Mr. Knox Wigram declares his method to be "more pleasant, pithy, and effectual Than hath been taught by any of my trade," is certainly ambitious; but it is only just to him to quote also the comment on that method printed in the excellent preface to his first edition, in which he asserts that "nobody who has so far suppressed all considerations of literary vanity as to condemn his work to the similitude of a round-robin can be supposed to have been actuated by any but the most unselfish motives." He might have said "the similitude of a law dictionary" with equal force and truth; for that is what his concise paragraphs, arranged in alphabetical order, and each headed with a notification of its subject in the largest type, suggests to the experienced critic.

But we are happy to say that the similitude is in the strictest sense one of form only, for while law dictionaries are always full of gross blunders, Mr. Knox Wigram's propositions, supported with due citation of authorities, are remarkably accurate. No justice need wish for a better volume of general reference in so small a compass.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA—VOL. XIX.*

TO the unlearned in Hebrew there is something in the mysteriously rendered woe pronounced by the prophet against those "that sew pillows to all arm-holes" that suggests the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In this nineteenth volume, for example, the searcher after truth is, as it were, bidden to cease from painful labour and rest on the pillow prepared for him in the shape of ready information on all subjects falling alphabetically between Phylactery—a heading under which, by the way, he will find the true explanation of the prophet's wrath on the subject of pillows—and Proxy, which ends the long list of headings with a cross-reference. Among the more important articles on natural science Professor Michael Foster gives a general view of the area covered by Physiology, treating the subject in its modern and restricted sense as concerned with problems of action in relation to living beings. To this Professor J. G. McKendrick adds a detailed account of the nervous system, and Mr. Howard Vines a highly interesting article on vegetable physiology. Polyzoa and Protozoa have been committed to the care of Professor Ray Lankester, and to say this is as much as to say that all that is known about these groups of animals is well told by the man who has the best possible right to tell it. Several clearly drawn figures illustrate the text of both articles. Some remarks on the classification of the Physical Sciences will be welcomed as the work of the late Professor Clerk Maxwell. Lovers of mathematics will find wherewith to delight themselves in Mr. Crofton's elaborate exemplifications of the theory of Probability, which are ushered in by a familiar discourse on the science. Professor Knott treats of Pneumatics purely in its experimental aspect, and traces the advance made in this branch of discovery from the recognition by Galileo of the effect of atmospheric pressure, as exemplified in the action of the common suction pump, on to the latest additions to the dynamical theory of gases. Recognizing that the science of Political Economy is at present in a state of transition, Dr. Ingram, instead of adding a fresh dogmatic treatise to those already in existence on the subject, gives an account of the successive theories formed on economic phenomena. If, as was perhaps the case, he considered his work limited to written enunciations of principles, his sections on ancient and mediæval times might have been shorter; while, on the other hand, his subject would have been more satisfactorily treated had he shown the ideas prevalent in early days by reference to the economic arrangements which were their natural fruit. A well-written sketch of the opinions of the leading Physiocrats is followed by a description of the progress of the science under the hands of the economists of the classical or "old school," as J. S. Mill termed it, from Adam Smith to Cairnes, the latest of the writers who worked on the lines of "the isolation of the economic domain," among whom, in spite of his disclaimers, is reckoned Mill himself. After an account of the work of foreign economists, the last section is devoted to the "Historical School." The new method is expounded in relation to the sociology of Comte; its origin is ascribed to Roscher, and Bagehot, Leslie, and Jevons are pointed out as its English exponents. A kindly notice is given of the brilliant, though immature, genius indicated in Toynbee's fragmentary remains.

Of the two countries that fall within the limits of the present volume, Poland is taken by Mr. Morfill, and Portugal, as far as its history and geography are concerned, by Mr. H. M. Stephens, its literature being treated by Mr. Briggs. Mr. Morfill's article is written in a style that shows his mastery of the subject. Without wasting time over the eponymous heroes and artificial myths of the Slavs, he begins his work with Miecysław I. (962-992), and throughout its course takes care to give due prominence to each critical epoch in the history. The Teutonic immigration, the rise of the towns and their commerce, and the character of the constitution of the Republic are duly noticed in the earlier history, while in later times the successive steps by which the ruin of the country was effected by the aggressions of the nobles are well and clearly marked. Some confusion strikes us in the notice of the war of Sigismund III. with Sweden. Closely connected as it was politically with the Thirty Years' War, it should scarcely be spoken of as a part of it; and it ended not in 1623, but with the conclusion of peace at Altmärk in 1629. A still greater, though as far as the history of Poland is concerned a less important, confusion meets us in the description of the overthrow of Stanisław Leszczyński in 1709. "Stanisław," we are told, "at the approach of the Russian troops retired to Lorraine, which he governed till his death at an advanced age." Now Stanisław when he lost his throne went off to join his patron Charles XII. in his exile at Bender, in 1714 he took up his abode in Charles's territory in Zweibrücken, and after the Swedish king's death lived in Alsace; nor did he receive the Duchy of Lorraine, which he can scarcely be said to have ruled at any time, so completely was he a puppet in the hands of France, until the Treaty of Vienna in 1735,

* *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Ninth Edition. Vol. XIX. Edinburgh: W. & C. Black.

after his second attempt on the Polish throne. These, however, are small matters, and what we prefer to dwell on is the admirable manner in which Mr. Morfill has treated the general course of the history of Poland. Writing as he must necessarily have done under strict limitation as to space, he has nevertheless managed to give a thoroughly readable as well as a sufficient account of a large subject. In the section on Polish literature he is of course on ground he has made peculiarly his own. Mr. Stephens's summary of the history of Portugal, accurate as it is, appears to us to be somewhat deficient in proportion and breadth of treatment. Pisa is the subject of an interesting article by Professor Villari. In this some mention, if only in the form of a reference to another heading, should have been made of the Council of 1409, and, probably from lack of space, the period of Pisan independence from 1494 to 1505 scarcely receives the notice it deserves. Under the heading Popedom Mr. Bass Mullinger gives the main outlines of the history of the Papacy as an institution. After a critical examination of the grounds on which the claims of the Roman See are based, the various causes that led to its pre-eminence are noted in chronological order, and the general course of the history of the mediæval Papacy is followed to the death of Boniface VIII. The successive changes in character ushered in by the "captivity" at Avignon, by the failure of the Council of Basel, and by the Council of Trent, are each clearly described, and the subject is brought down to our own day in another article by the same writer on Pius IX. It was, perhaps, thought wiser not to attempt any criticism of the late Pope's character and aims, though the casual remark that the exaltation of his office and the definition of dogma lay nearest to his heart shows that Mr. Mullinger believes that Pius never loved reform for its own sake. In the notice of the Ministry formed on the 10th of March, 1848, all the members are said to have been laymen, save Antonelli and Morichini. This is an error. Cardinal Mezzofanti was Minister of Instruction, and the Administration therefore consisted of three clerical and six lay members. Mr. Airy, in his essay on Presbyterianism, rightly points out how little hold the system ever obtained in England, though he somewhat overstates his case when he says that it spread no further than London, Lancashire, and Shropshire. "The Division of Somerset into Classes," which he will find among the "King's Tracts" in the British Museum, shows that the system was organized, though imperfectly, in that county in 1647. The matter is of little importance, for at that time the fall of Presbyterianism was not far off. Dr. Payne's article on the Plague forms one of the most valuable contributions to our knowledge of the subject. Writing with an authority gained to some extent by personal observation, he devotes the earlier part of his essay to a scientific discussion of the disease in all its bearings. To this he appends a short account of its successive outbreaks from the earliest notice of it in the reign of Trajan down to its appearance on the banks of the Volga in 1878-9, when he was sent out as a Commissioner by the British Government to the infected district.

Among the great men of the old world Pindar is made the subject of a remarkably interesting study by Professor Jebb, Plato is taken by Professor Campbell, and Propertius by Professor Postgate. In Professor Bryce's essay on Procopius the questions of the historian's religion and of the authorship and credibility of the *Anecdota* are handled in a short and masterly fashion. As regards the *Anecdota* we are glad to find that so good a judge believes that the more the book is studied the less reason appears for scepticism. In what he tells us of Poggio Mr. Symonds seems to us to supply exactly what is wanted in a book of reference; he is scarcely so successful in his somewhat verbose remarks on Poliziano. Æneas Sylvius, Pope Pius II., receives sympathetic treatment in a brilliant article by Mr. Garnett. Among the shorter biographies that of Cardinal Pole should not have been written without some notice of his nearness by descent to the throne. Lord Macaulay's William Pitt has, of course, been reprinted from the last edition of the *Encyclopædia*. Pope, Prior, and Poe are pleasantly discoursed on by Professor Minto. The laughter with which Mr. Andrew Lang quenches the fire-stick of the German mythologists in his charming essay on Prometheus is here, as elsewhere, combined with scholarship and with what must be even more puzzling and exasperating to those he attacks—common sense. The admirable arrangement and the copious illustrations of Mr. Middleton's treatise on Pottery call for some remark, and he deserves special praise for the pains he has taken to explain all technical terms and the lucid manner in which he deals with his subject. Several geographical articles, both signed and unsigned, especially those by Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., on the Polar Regions, and by the Rev. S. J. Whitmee on Polynesia, are fully up to the high level of earlier volumes. It is, of course, hopeless to attempt to give anything like a complete view of the vast mass of heterogeneous information that lies before us, and much that we have read with pleasure and hoped to notice here must be left out. Nor do we pretend to have tested the accuracy of more than a very few articles. As, however, we have little fault to find with what we have tested, and as much else that we have read, occupying more or less the room of the unlearned, commends itself to us in various ways, we have no hesitation in saying that the work as a whole is one of which all concerned in it may be justly proud.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.*

MRS. PENNELL (for we hold that when one is ignorant of the spinsterhood or matronhood of a lady, it is well to give brevet rank) has written rather a funny book about Mary Wollstonecraft. It is funny because it contains numerous instances of those differences, we do not say those inferiorities, of sex which both Mary and her apologist by implication or directly deny. For instance, Mrs. Pennell is never tired of telling us that Mary must not be judged harshly for the Imlay business or for the delay which caused, to put it delicately, an unusually short interval between Mary's marriage and her second daughter's birth, because she was acting in perfect accord with her own standard of morality. We have heard a great deal of this sort of thing of late and *respondemus esse distinguendum*. When people do something which, though according to general ideas of morality, criminal or at least wrong, is either unpleasant in itself or not obviously pleasant, the "own standard of morality" is a very valid plea. For instance, although here and there there may have been an inquisitor who was brute enough or devil enough to take positive delight in torturing and burning heretics, it is quite certain that the majority of inquisitors did nothing of the kind, and, such as it is, the excuse is valid for them. But when people produce a private standard of morality which gives them privileged admission to pleasant things from which other people are shut out, we feel, we own, a little doubtful about it. It reminds us too much of a gallant officer we once heard of who was one of the best of men, but had to quit his duties owing to some oddities which were due to religious mania. His subsequent life was most blameless; but on one occasion when he was sitting with a very pretty woman, he rose solemnly and said, "Madam, I have a message to you from the Lord. It is my mission to kiss you." The lady did not see it, and, as there was fortunately a window open into the garden, she resisted the Lord's message, and left the gallant captain alone with his mission. Now if Mrs. Pennell is right, this lady was very wrong, for she was opposing the desire of a man to live up to his own moral standard.

However, all this is an old story, and, except enthusiastic and rather illogical people like Mrs. Pennell, nobody will be much taken in by her theory of Mary Wollstonecraft's actions. It is obvious from her own words that she was a woman of very strong affections, and accident did not favour the gratification thereof in the ordinary way. So she took the extraordinary way, and, as revolutionary ideas were floating about at the time, she made use of the revolutionary ideas as a shield. On her own moral standard she had no fault to find with Imlay's desertion and none with Godwin's coldness. But, as she was a very warm-hearted as well as a warm-blooded woman, both made her very unhappy. In her other and earlier domestic relations she was, no doubt, not very fortunate; but Mrs. Pennell seems to us to have the very slenderest authority for representing her as persecuted on all hands. If you take the personages of novels as representing real personages, and then assume further that the real personages are exactly drawn, you may prove anything. As far as facts go, Mary seems to have been a rather self-willed daughter, and a sister whose generosity in helping was marred by her imprudence in advising. There is no doubt that, if it had not been for her, her sister, Mrs. Bishop, would not have left her husband. During her governessship with Lady Kingsborough it is expressly admitted that she was treated with considerably more attention and enjoyed much more liberty and pleasure than most persons in her situation. She walked into the Imlay business with her eyes open and in a much more deliberate fashion than that in which she afterwards walked into the river. If she was ill spoken of by her contemporaries, Mrs. Pennell admits, as Mr. Kegan Paul had more fully and frankly admitted before her, that, not content with crossing the laws of society as to deeds, she wrote with an extreme and unnecessary coarseness of thought and speech. Mrs. Pennell attempts to palliate this by talking about Fielding and Squire Western; from which we can only suppose that she thinks fifty years make no difference in the language and manners of society. This little slip, however, is nothing in a writer who, on p. 124, urges in palliation of Mary's not marrying Imlay that it would have been dangerous because she was an Englishwoman, and on p. 127 remarks that as Imlay's wife she would have been safe as an American.

However, these are points which need not be argued at any length. Mrs. Pennell, to do her justice, conceals none of the facts, and if her readers take her opinions for facts that is their fault. It is also fair to give her the benefit of the explanation which she has sent to an English newspaper to the effect that her work, originally published in America, has been much altered by the English editor. Mary Wollstonecraft was certainly a remarkable woman, and (as we know from such unimpeachable witness as Southey's) a very attractive one. The half-pedantic, half-impulsive way in which she laid down the law on intricate points which she had not half thought out, the frequent faults of her style, even the slips of her life, were all the errors of a very woman. To attempt to set her up as a martyr and an apostle is simply absurd, and, if she had not died comparatively young and left an interesting daughter, it would probably never have been tried. But her want of refinement was due to her education, and of her other faults most are excusable and few, if any, absolutely repulsive. She was not exactly "a great improper female," as Mr. Carlyle unkindly re-

* *Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin*. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1885.

marked of some one else, but she was an improper female of some talent, much amiability, and an almost entire absence of selfishness, spitefulness, and others of the more disagreeable vices. Therefore we, at least, though we certainly shall not set up her image to worship, shall throw no stones at her.

FIFTEEN BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

MR. LILLY has prefixed to this second edition of his *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought* a Dedictory Letter to Lord Ripon, containing an apology for his disastrous Indian policy, which is surely quite apart from the merits of the question, singularly out of place as the introduction to a work not political, but philosophical and religious. But having premised this much, we have done with fault-finding, and are sincerely glad to welcome a new edition of a really valuable and important work. The author's position, as a member of "the most dogmatic Church in Christendom," gives a special interest to his bird's-eye view of outlying religious systems, European or Eastern, while his long residence in India enables him to speak of the latter with something more than a knowledge derived only from books. It must be added that, while a Roman Catholic and a loyal upholder of the dogmas of his Church, Mr. Lilly is so little of a narrow dogmatist in the vast field of speculation lying beyond that range that he is likelier to be charged—as indeed he has been charged by some outside his own communion—with too liberal than with too rigid an appreciation of the claims of rival creeds. The second chapter, on Tractarianism, strikes us as the least adequate and satisfactory, not from any unfairness on the author's part—for he is always scrupulously fair—but from his very naturally failing to grasp the full bearings and significance of a movement which he could only study *ab extra*, and which really was part of a wider intellectual and religious reaction throughout Europe. It is not correct, e.g., to say, except in a very technical and restricted sense, that "the Tractarian party was defeated then [at the time of Newman's secession] and crumbled into dissolution"; on the contrary, it is much stronger now than it was forty years ago. But the implied contrast between the ethical results of Christian and non-Christian thought in the persons of Cardinal Newman and of Schopenhauer is very felicitous. And certainly if modern pessimism, which is here shown to be a corrupt reproduction of the least commendable aspects of Buddhism, be the last word of Agnostic philosophy, the moral outlook for the world on the Agnostic hypothesis is not a cheerful one. The two most interesting chapters are the third on Eastern religions, notably the discussion of Buddhism, and the fourth on Naturalism and Christianity, which includes an acute criticism of Mr. Seeley's last work. Mr. Lilly's estimate of the spiritual side of Mahometanism appears to us a higher one than facts will warrant, and it has been shown conclusively by Mr. W. G. Palgrave that the ascetic element represented by the Sufis is wholly alien to the true spirit of their creed, and is indeed a recoil from its essentially unspiritual character. The Duke of Argyll has well observed that the corruption of Islam, alone of all the great religions of the world, began not only in the lifetime but in the life of its founder, and "Mahomet himself was his own most corrupt disciple." If it is true that "the Sufis have been the saints of Islam," it is equally true that they are in it and not of it. Their ideal and mode of life is a devout plagiarism from the Buddhist. Mahomet sternly crushed the first attempt made in his lifetime by some of his leading associates to introduce a mystical and ascetic devotion, and at once added a new verse to the Koran for the express purpose, incompletely achieved in the future,

through no fault of his, of for ever excluding it. Mr. Lilly's last chapter, on "Matter and Spirit," will repay careful study, and must be carefully studied to have justice done to it, but we cannot help wishing it had not been couched in the dialogue form. This, as we had occasion to observe the other day in connexion with another apologetic work, has the sometimes very provoking inconvenience—which the reader of this chapter will often experience—that it is impossible to know exactly how far an author is willing to be held responsible, and where his ostensible spokesman is speaking only for himself.

That Canon Fremantle's volume of Bampton Lectures is the work of a scholarly and cultured mind, exhibiting wide reading within certain lines (in theology exclusively on Protestant lines), and in tone genial and tolerant, goes without the saying for those who know anything of the author. And it contains incidentally a great deal of interesting matter of various kinds. But that his teaching will be accepted as satisfactory by any but a very limited class of the extremist Broad Churchmen cannot be expected. The late Dean Stanley was fond of insisting on the incalculable benefits of the union of Church and State—to the former because the Church could not fail to gain immensely from "contact with so magnificent and divine an ordinance as the national commonwealth"; and the same leading idea may be called the keynote of Mr. Fremantle's Bampton Lectures. That there is anything divine in the institution of the Church itself, as apart from "the divine constitution of society" or of the social organism, is a conception equally foreign to both of them. The lecturer defines it as his central aim "to turn away the attention of men from the controversies engendered by an exclusive interest in worship and dogma to the more fruitful field of a practical influence on the national and universal life." And of course it is quite true that to represent "the kingdom of God" as "merely the assertion of a moral principle" is as obvious a mistake as to confound it with the debased nationalism of a Judas of Galilee or a Theudas (we presume "Barabbas" is a misprint); it is clearly a kingdom in the world, though not of it. But it is quite another question whether it has not an independent life and organization of its own, as Christians have generally believed, or is simply "co-extensive with the world," and "not bound up with the existence of any organization, not even of the baptized community," as the lecturer maintains. On this point at all events he is sufficiently copious and explicit; "all officers of State are ministers of God"; the Church "includes humanity in its widest sense"; "its full definition is the whole human race in all its modes of life inspired by the Spirit of Christ"; its highest ideal is that "an order of ministers should no longer be necessary"; Church-government is but "a function of the greater whole"; and "if Judaism and Christianity formed a peculiar religion, it could never take the position which experience shows it capable of taking." It follows of course that "there can be no question of Church and State, since the nation is itself the truest development of the Church"; and wherever this principle is not recognized, Mr. Fremantle accepts unreservedly Gambetta's axiom that "the enemy is clericalism," and even M. Paul Bert's still stronger assertion "that the further men are from religion, the nearer they are to morality and good sense." It may be inferred from this that the whole drift of the lecture is what, for want of a better word, we may be allowed to call unspiritual. This is specially marked in the second lecture on the Jewish Church, which contains no recognition of the Pauline principle of the direct relation of the Law and the Prophets to Christ. We are told that "the central thought of the ceremonial and sacrificial law is Holiness," that "the Book of Daniel contains the rudiments of a philosophy of history," and "the Psalms, as poetry, form a specimen of art," but without any hint of a typical and Messianic element in either; and again, "we can understand" the chastisements on disobedience to the Law "without having recourse to miracle." For miracles indeed, Jewish or Christian, the lecturer has an evident distaste, and he makes the paradoxical assertion that "it is certain that it is acknowledged by Christian teachers"—meaning contemporary teachers—"that the miraculous power attributed to the Church ceased at an early period." It is certain on the contrary that the Christian Fathers, whether rightly or wrongly, maintain just the opposite. And as with miracles, so with prophecy. When "St. Paul repeats the language of ancient prophecy with a kind of literalism," as he often does, he is giving utterance to "a literal expectation of things never destined to be realized." The lecture on the Mediæval Church is not consciously unfair or even unsympathetic, but it is very superficial, and the author, as we have seen, is not strong in the ground of historic fact. There is a curious infelicity in the remark—the italics are our own—that "the Popes sanctioned, if they did not create, in the later part of the ninth century the stupendous forgery of the False Decretals." The Isidorian decretals were certainly compiled during the first half of the ninth century, between 835 and 845, not at Rome, but in the Province of Tours, and were not sanctioned by the Popes till a good deal later, when they had come—as was natural in an uncritical age—to be universally accepted as genuine. But the strangest and most elaborate blunder, and one of a kind to shake all confidence in the writer's authority as a chronicler of the history of doctrine, occurs in the statement that "Jesuit Quietism, as taught by Molini" (*sic*), was "allowed" by a decision at Rome in 1606. There was no such person as "Molini." And the Quietism of Molinos, who is evidently the person referred to, and who was a Spanish divine but not a Jesuit, was not "allowed" but condemned, in 68 separate propositions—respectively de-

* *Ancient Religion and Modern Thought.* By W. L. Lilly. Second Edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

The World as the Subject of Redemption. Bampton Lectures for 1883. By the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle, M.A. London: Rivingtons. 1885.

Propædia Prophetica. By W. H. Lyall, D.D. New Edition, with Notices, by Rev. G. C. Pearson, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles. With Introduction, Translation, Notes, and Illustrative Passages. Edited by Rev. H. De Romestin, M.A. Oxford and London: Parker & Co.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. II. July and December 1884. London: W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Bible Characters; being Selections from Sermons. By A. G. Mercer, D.D. New York and London: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 1885.

Spiritual Light and Life. By Henry Varley, B.A. London: Whittingham & Co.

The Unknown God, and other Sermons. By the Rev. A. H. Craufurd, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

The Bible Record of Creation viewed in its Letter and Spirit. Two Sermons, by C. B. Waller, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

The Lord's Body. By the Rev. C. Poynder. Second Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. By J. A. Beet. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1885.

Studies in the Forty Days between Christ's Resurrection and Ascension. By A. A. Lipscomb, D.D., LL.D. Nashville, Tenn.: Methodist Publishing House. 1885.

The Antiquity and Genuineness of the Gospels. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

A Reasonable Faith: Short Religious Essays for the Times. By Three Friends. London: Macmillan & Co.

Every Eye: Practical Addresses for Advent and the Old and New Year. By the Rev. G. Everard, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

nounced as "heretical, erroneous, scandalous," &c.—by a Constitution of Innocent XI., not in 1666 but 1687, and Molinos himself was imprisoned by the Inquisition, as the lecturer might have learnt from no more recondite source than *John Inglesant*. The doctrine of the Jesuit Molina, whom he has confounded with Molinos, was indeed "allowed" in the famous controversy *De Auxilio*, carried on before the Roman tribunals between 1598 and 1607; but the question was of grace and free-will, as opposed to the Thomist or Predestinarian doctrine, and had nothing whatever to do with Quietism; it was however far the most important controversy in the Roman Church between the Reformation and the Vatican Council.

The lecture on the English Reformation is the most one-sided and extreme, and brings out most distinctly the purely Erastian—or as he prefers to term it "nationalist"—theory on which Canon Fremantle's whole argument is based. He does not seem to have studied to much purpose the learned works of the late Mr. Blunt or of Canon Dixon on the subject, though he refers to the latter in a note, and his suggested apology for the divorce of Queen Catherine and the sincerity of the King's plea of conscience is very marvellous, especially after all the fresh light thrown on the case in Professor Brewer's posthumous work on *Henry VIII.* He consistently holds the Royal Supremacy to be "a religious principle, in the assertion of which earnest men were obeying the Divine Spirit," and a principle of permanent obligation, not only in its original Tudor, but in its modern form, when "it is no longer the Sovereign who is Supreme, but the Prime Minister and the Parliament." He thinks it accords better with the genius of Christianity "that the final appeal in all religious questions should lie to a mixed assembly, in which neither the electors nor the elected are all of them Christians," and that "in the supremacy of the House of Commons is realized the unity of the Christian Commonwealth." Dr. Hatch not many years ago preached a course of Bampton lectures designed to prove that the true idea of the Christian Church is that of a vast Charity Organization Society. The result of Mr. Fremantle's contention would be to convert it into a kind of glorified Social Science Association.

Mr. Pearson has done well to bring out a new edition of the *Propædia Prophetica* of the late Dean Lyall of Canterbury, originally published nearly half a century ago. There could hardly indeed be a greater contrast than between Mr. Fremantle's vague and "liberal," not to say latitudinarian, "Neo-Christianity" and the steady traditional orthodoxy of Dr. Lyall, whose work however by no means deserves the veiled but supercilious sneer flung by Dean Stanley, in the preface to vol. iii. of his *Jewish Church*, at the "unconvincing arguments" which evidently displeased him because they led up to a too definite conclusion. The proper nature, scope, and limitations of the argument from miracle and prophecy, and the mutual relations of the two methods of proof, form the subject of the treatise. There are some later details of the sceptical criticism which it necessarily leaves untouched; but, so far as it goes, the discussion is closely reasoned, and lucid alike in thought and expression, and may still be consulted with interest and profit by those who are engaged in studying the Christian Evidences.

Mr. De Rostemin is known both as a scholar and a divine, and in this modest volume he has brought to bear the resources of a disciplined and cultured mind on the curious document first introduced to the world two years ago by Bryennius, Metropolitan of Nicomedia, the *Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*. We have here, besides the text of the *Αδελφί*, with a careful and idiomatic translation, an Introduction, a Summary, a series of illustrative passages from Scripture and early Christian writers, a most serviceable apparatus of critical notes, and an index of the more noticeable words and phrases in the text, all comprised in a handy and admirably printed volume. To take one or two disputed points, Mr. De Rostemin inclines to the theory of a Jewish, but not an Ebionite, authorship—we should have inclined to a different view on the latter point ourselves—and he thinks internal evidence points to the last half of the first century, or at latest the first half of the second century, as the date of composition. He leaves undecided the question whether the description of the *εὐχαριστία*—which he translates "the Giving-of-Thanks"—in chapter ix. refers to the Eucharist itself or the accompanying "Agape"—which would solve the difficulty of the inverted order of the chalice and the breaking of bread; nor does he pretend to settle the almost hopeless crux in chapter xi. of *πράϊν εἰς μυστήριον κοσμικόν*; but he cites with approval the suggestion of Bryennius that "it means some dramatic action from things in common life used to symbolize heavenly teaching," and adds himself that "what was done was evidently startling, perhaps suspicious, but not necessarily evil, and so God alone could judge." Those who wish to have by them in short compass a complete manual of all the really valuable information bearing on a document of unique character and interest cannot do better than procure this little book. We hope Mr. De Rostemin will give us some further specimens of such neat and excellent workmanship.

A volume comprising sermons, or outlines of sermons, from some thirty eminent living preachers of all sects and schools of thought, ranging from Cardinal Manning and Dr. Liddon to Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Joseph Parker, can hardly fail to include a good deal of interesting matter. How far such a miscellaneous theological hotch-potch as the *Contemporary Pulpit* may be found suitable for spiritual reading is a question of individual taste and judgment, which everybody must be left to decide for himself. As far as the

Church of England, at all events, is concerned, one reflection suggested by the volume will be that a marked elevation both in the substance and form of pulpit oratory has taken place during the last thirty or forty years. There has been great carelessness in revising the press; in one sermon e.g. of only nine pages we notice four or five conspicuous misprints.

It appears from a prefatory memoir that Dr. Mercer was born in 1817, and died in 1882. After being called to the Bar at Philadelphia he determined to enter the Church, and was ordained in 1846 by Bishop Potter, who speaks of him as "a thinker and talker of extraordinary powers," and as a preacher "second to few pulpit orators in this or any other country." He was evidently both liked and respected, and his executrix may have had sufficient reason for yielding to "the urgency of many friends to permit the publication" of these sermons on *Bible Characters*, nine from the Old Testament and eleven from the New. At the same time, while thoughtful, devout, and reverent in tone, they do not strike us as manifesting any special insight into character, or rising above the average level of edifying but not remarkable pulpit discourses.

The next book on our list is of a very different calibre. Of what denomination Mr. Varley is a minister—evidently not the Church of England—and where these sermons on *Spiritual Light and Life* were preached, we are not informed. But there is a freshness and originality about them which raise the volume unmistakably above the mere echo of the ordinary literature of edification. Whether the preacher is altogether strictly orthodox, we are not concerned either to affirm or to deny. There are certainly passages which look as if he cared little for any external Christian evidences—whether of history, miracle, or inspiration—and we have not observed any reference at all, even where it might have been expected, to the Christian Sacraments. But his teaching is throughout positive and direct, not negative and critical, and those who think his theology faulty or defective may still find much—as e.g. in the very striking discourse on "God's Revelation in Childhood"—that is helpful and suggestive.

It was quite unnecessary for Mr. Craufurd to inform his readers that "this volume is not a systematic treatise on theology"—of which he evidently knows nothing. And when he claims to be reproducing "the liberal Christianity of Milman, Thirlwall, Stanley, and the saintly F. D. Maurice," one cannot help suspecting that the feelings of those distinguished personages must be something akin to those of Garrick when he proffered his copper on entering a penny peep-show, and it was declined by the manager with a polite bow and the remark, "We never take, sir, from our own profession." Mr. Craufurd has made his "escape with eager gladness," and the sentence is a fair specimen of his general style—"from the tawdry cathedral of flippant theological omniscience to the lonely neglected altar of the *Unknown God*," or, as it is elsewhere phrased, from "all the collective writings of dogmatic sentimentalists"—more particularly of some unnamed Scotch religious novelist—and "the ambitious puerilities of Athanasian dogmatists," to the "genuinely Christian Agnosticism" which he repeatedly declares to be his own form of faith. In short these fifteen or sixteen sermons—for it seems that the last two have been fused together—are simply a collection of extremely shallow and pretentious controversial pamphlets directed partly against "new-fangled materialism," but chiefly against every kind of dogmatic belief, in the course of which Scripture texts perpetually alternate with a miscellaneous patchwork of not unfamiliar extracts from popular writers of the day. A little of this sort of thing goes a long way, and we cannot but pity the congregation of St. Peter's, Vere Street—to whom, as the author is careful to remind us, Mr. Maurice formerly discoursed—in having now to listen to sixteen of these stupid and vulgar dogmatic pasquinades on dogmatism. But as Mr. Craufurd especially prides himself on being a disciple of Carlyle, and inheritor of "all that is noblest in his teaching," we may venture to remind him of his master's own estimate, as recorded by Mr. Froude, of "the liberal school of clergy" to which he claims to belong. Carlyle "had not," says his biographer, "the least wish to see the fall of the Church of England as long as men could be found to work it who believed in the Prayer-book sincerely. He disliked the liberal school of clergy. Let it once be supposed that the clergy generally were teaching what they did not believe themselves, and the whole thing would become a hideous hypocrisy." Of Colenso, who is one of Mr. Craufurd's ideal heroes, he observed contemptuously:—"Poor fellow! he mistakes it for fame. He does not see that it is only an extended pillory he is standing on." And even Dean Stanley, whom "he liked personally, almost loved, he could have wished anywhere but where he was." After all, there is something to be said for Carlyle's objection to Agnosticism masquerading in a surplice.

It is quite intelligible that Mr. Waller should have preached his *Two Sermons on the Bible Record of Creation*, but not easy to see why he has published them. He has nothing to say which has not been as well or better said fifty times before on the method of reconciling geology with Genesis. Nor will he convert many infidels by telling them that "the doctrine of evolution is the taproot of the infidelity spreading throughout the educated world at the present day," and is a "senseless hypothesis and theory, a mere conceit of the unsanctified intellect." He has yet to learn that the doctrine of evolution may be understood in more senses than one, and that divines whose knowledge is probably much wider than his, and their faith quite as firm, consider that it may bear a sense perfectly compatible with belief in Divine Revelation.

The Zwinglian theory of the Eucharist may or may not be true, but Mr. Clement Poynder is strangely mistaken if he imagines that

in propounding it he has suggested anything new. He is also apparently unaware that many Protestant writers, both English and foreign, have anticipated him in interpreting the sixth chapter of St. John as having no direct reference to the Sacrament, and, as he holds that "those words of our Lord have a reference wholly different to that which they have generally been supposed to have," it would not disturb him to be assured that the almost unanimous testimony of Christian antiquity is against his interpretation. That his little book should have reached a second edition suggests a curious inquiry as to where he can have found readers for the first. To those who believe in the Real Presence it can hardly fail to appear shallow and in parts offensive, while those who reject the doctrine will learn nothing from it which they did not know already.

Mr. Beet tells us that he wrote his *Commentary on the Galatians* with "Luther's famous work constantly in his hands," and under the conviction that "Luther has caught and reproduced the inmost thoughts of St. Paul more richly than any other writer, ancient or modern." He has also carefully studied Bishop Ellicott, Bishop Lightfoot, and Dean Howson. He is very far however from being a mere servile copyist, and, instead of following Luther in his contemptuous dismissal of "the Epistle of Straw," devotes a special dissertation to reconciling the teaching of St. Paul and St. James on justification. That is of course the main subject of the Epistle to the Galatians, and, in spite of his preface, Mr. Beet's conclusion appear to us to come much nearer the Tridentine doctrine on the subject—on which he dwells at some length—than to Luther's, though his belief is differently expressed. It is infinitely removed from the too famous "*etiamsi milies milies uno die fornicemur aut occidamus*," in Luther's Letter to Melancthon, and we cannot help doubting if Mr. Beet has not, like some other admirers of Luther, confined his studies to the *Commentary on Galatians* and ignored the portentous treatise *De Servo Arbitrio* where the Reformer's solifidian doctrine is most fully brought out. His own teaching may be fairly summed up in his statement that, "although faith occupies a unique place as apart from works, the one condition of justification, yet obedience is practically an essential condition also." And he explicitly accepts the Tridentine doctrine of "merit," which is usually a cause of offence to Protestant divines. His treatise, which is designed for one of a series on the Pauline Epistles—those on Romans and Corinthians have appeared already—reveals throughout patient and conscientious labour, and is well worthy the attention of students of the New Testament.

It has been a very general belief in the Church that during the interval between the Resurrection and Ascension our Lord instructed His Apostles on the government and future destiny of His earthly kingdom and the administration of the Sacraments; that view is e.g. illustrated in Bishop Moberly's well-known *Sayings of the Great Forty Days*. But it is not a view likely to commend itself to a Methodist divine, and we were therefore not surprised to find no reference to the subject in Dr. Lipscomb's *Studies on the Forty Days*. Even in his chapter on "The Walk to Emmaus" he makes no allusion whatever, beyond quoting the verse, to "the breaking of bread." The tone of the volume is pleasing and religious, but it is somewhat over-rhetorical and exceedingly discursive; and we cannot quite agree with Mr. Harrison, the "Methodist Book editor," that the volume to which he contributes an introduction will prove "a joy for ever," and "confer a lasting benefit upon the race."

This anonymous manual on the *Antiquity and Genuineness of the Gospels* is a *multum in parvo*, supplying in short compass, and in a didactic and somewhat technical form—which however is no disadvantage in a work chiefly valuable for reference—a very considerable assortment of pertinent information bearing on the authenticity of the Gospel narratives. The preliminary essay discusses with much acuteness the indirect tendency of the rapid increase of knowledge in our own day, though in itself an unmixed good, to promote unbelief, where no special corrective is provided, through its operation on certain elements of our moral and intellectual nature. This portion of the argument would bear expanding, and an index or table of contents, or both, would add much to the practical usefulness of the work.

Everybody believes his own faith to be a "reasonable" one, or he would not hold it to be true. But everybody will not therefore agree with the anonymous "Three Friends" as to the conditions of *A Reasonable Faith*, which may be fairly summed up, though they decline to accept it, as "over-dogmatic"—in the principle of Pope's famous couplet, which they misquote. They consider that "a Faith at once Scriptural and reasonable" must be of a kind common "to Socrates and St. Paul, to St. Bernard and Luther, to Jeremy Taylor and George Fox," and must accordingly have "no Doctrine"—except in Dean Stanley's sense of "instruction in Duty"—beyond the negative one of "the bigotry and tyranny of the idea that any (sic) special form of intellectual belief is necessary for the salvation of the soul." They take however particular pains to repudiate, as "of Romish parentage," the expression "through the merits of Christ," and not only by implication throughout but in set terms to substitute the Sabellian for "the scholastic"—i.e. Athanasian—"dogma of the Trinity," which last "tends to confuse the idea of pure monotheism," as upheld in the Koran. And they illustrate their grasp of theological knowledge by the almost incredible assertion, made in the usual ultra-dogmatic manner of anti-dogmatists, that "any special view which may be held upon the Atonement has no relation whatever to the question which distinguishes Unitarians from believers in the Divinity of

Christ. Did none of the "Three Friends" ever hear of the famous controversy between Grotius and Crellius? The little tractate oscillates between a statement in simple language but rather pretentious style—as though they were announcing an original discovery—of truisms admitted by "reasonable" divines of all schools and creeds, and a sharply dogmatic *réchauffé* of the familiar commonplaces of Broad Church or "liberal" theology.

There is nothing specially to discriminate Mr. Everard's *Practical Addresses for Advent* from the average of parochial homiletics. But they are simple, earnest, and orthodox sermons, and we can readily believe that the members of his former congregation, who heard them and for whose benefit primarily the volume is published, will be glad to possess a permanent record of his teaching.

BOOTS AND SADDLES.*

THERE is nothing in its title to tell a reader what this book really is—namely, an account, by his widow, of the adventures of General Custer, and a description of life on a frontier post in America. The name of General Custer was, perhaps, best known in England through certain wild stories of his habits and appearance. The General, with long yellow hair streaming behind him like a comet, was represented as charging through the Indian ranks like the hero of a dime novel. Perhaps we did not sympathize much with a hero thus oddly placed before us, but his memory is completely vindicated, we think, and sympathy entirely won for him by this most interesting and remarkable book of his widow's. Beginning the work, we confess, "with a slight aversion," we have been quite captivated by Mrs. Custer's unaffected style and entire unconsciousness that there is such a thing as style, by her extraordinary pluck and cheeriness, and by the wild adventures of which she tells the story. Mr. Matthew Arnold speaks of "tonic passages" in the Iliad. The expression savours less of Apollo than of his healing son, but, if we may borrow it, we should call *Boots and Saddles* a "tonic" book. Whosoever is easily discouraged or discontented, whosoever depends too much on comfort and the resources of civilization for his happiness, should read *Boots and Saddles*, and profit by the lessons of Mrs. Custer's adversity.

General Custer, the type of a *sabreur*, a man of extraordinary strength, indomitable courage, excessive *élan*, and admirable good spirits, had, no doubt, that theatrical touch which is remarked in Skobelev and Murat. He certainly did like a picturesque dress, and it is true that he wore his yellow hair long in the Civil War, an oriflamme for the guidance of his troopers. But barbers were scarce in the war, and this little piece of personal display in a man whose business it was to sustain the spirits of his troopers may be pardoned by the most severe. Mrs. Custer afterwards had the famous golden locks made into a *coiffure*, which she wore at a costume ball, and this relic, with all her wardrobe, was burned in a fire at a frontier post. When comparing Custer to Skobelev we do not mean, of course, that he possessed the Russian's commanding military qualities. He never was more than a cavalry leader, and he perished in very British fashion, outnumbered by Indians, who made of Little Big Horn, a fight exactly like that of The Place of the Little Hand, a massacre such as McNeill's zariba would have seen but for the steadiness of the Marines and the Berkshire regiment. The Anglo-Saxon race apparently has a foible for being caught and butchered by barbarous enemies, and encountering disasters out of pure self-confidence and blundering bravery. Skobelev would not have been taken in such a trap. But, though General Custer was by no means a military genius of the highest rank, he was almost equally remote from the brave but ordinary "plunger." He was a great reader of books, he was a successful contributor to light literature, and he had much knowledge of men and a distinguished talent for winning the confidence and assuring the comfort (as far as might be) of the men under his command. Indeed, he was no amateur soldier, no officer shaped by the mere exigencies of war out of the wood of an editor or schoolmaster or auctioneer. He had just completed his course at West Point when the Civil War broke out, and he was at once separated from his greatest friend, who took service with his native South. The two were frequently within range of each other during the war, and, after doing their best to destroy or capture each other during the day, would leave friendly messages or presents at some house which, as one party retreated, the other was certain to occupy. Finally, after thirteen years' separation, as Custer lay in his tent on the plains, he heard the voice of his friendly foe outside, and they passed the night fighting their battles over again. This was not so quaint a situation as that of the Northern officer with a Southern wife. He had much natural difficulty in writing to her during the war, he complained, for he could hardly fill his letters with the matters that occupied his mind, or say, "I have just cut the Shenandoah Canal, and drowned your mother's plantation."

When slightly wounded, and therefore all the more interesting, General Custer met the author of *Boots and Saddles*. They were married in 1864; and Mrs. Custer at once accompanied her husband to the front, passing most of her honeymoon alone in a farmhouse on the extreme wing of the Army of the Potomac. From this hour she shared his adventures, often the only lady with the regiment, and always, according to her own account, in

* *Boots and Saddles*. By Mrs. Custer. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

the utmost terror of rattlesnakes and Indians. She was aware that, if they were surprised by Indians, she was to be shot by the officer who had her in charge; and this increased her apprehensions. The officer, with the best intentions, might conceivably begin shooting too soon. However, Mrs. Custer deserves all the more credit for the fears which she overcame with entire success. A lady who confesses to the temperament of Bob Acres, and who, nevertheless, was never an impediment to her comrades in their difficulties and perils, is much more sympathetic than a Mary Ambree, who does not know what fear is.

In 1873 General Custer got orders (which he celebrated by smashing the furniture in an excess of joy) to march into the Dakota territory. Here there was every probable chance of being scalped. The Indians were apt to make sudden raids, tie their captives to stakes, light fires on their persons, and withdraw too hastily to enjoy what followed, except as one of the pleasures of imagination. One man, Rain in the Face, was captured, after two hideous murders, by a kinsman (Colonel Tom) of the General's. Rain in the Face made his escape, vowed vengeance, and actually cut out the heart of poor Colonel Tom at Little Big Horn. To shoot this kind of noble savage at sight seems hardly too summary a judicial process.

On starting for Dakota, the Custers met a Blizzard. This is not a fabulous animal, but a sudden storm of darkness, wind, and snow. They were driven into a deserted house; the General's great strength succumbed, and he nearly died, cut off from medicines and comforts. Then came long desert marches, frozen camps, and all the troubles incident to a mixed pack of hounds, which followed the regiment. Devotion to animals was one of General Custer's traits, and his tent was a sort of canine hospital. The Indians, nominally friendly, were a source of great anxiety. Fortunately they, quite unlike Osman Digna's men, had a superstition against cutting the telegraph wires, which they regarded as "great medicine." The Australian natives had the same belief, and when the wire was carried across the continent they did not cut it, but set up a little imitation affair of their own, a kind of conductor to draw off magical influences. It is much to be wished that the Soudanese were in the same primitive intellectual condition. A curious feature in those desert marches was the passion for angling evolved by the soldiers:—

All the way up the river the guide was constantly interviewed as to the chances for fishing. He held out promises that were to be realized upon reaching Choteau Creek. We arrived there on one of the resting-days, and camp was no sooner made, and food and water brought, than a great exodus took place.

The general called me to the tent-door to see the deserted camp, and wondered how the soldiers could all have disappeared so quickly. Another problem was, where the fishing tackle came from! Some had brought rods, even in the restricted space allotted them, but many cut them from the bushes along the river, attaching hooks and lines, while some bent pins and tied them to strings. The soldiers shared so generously with one another that one pole was loaned about while the idle ones watched. I never cared for fishing, but my husband begged me to go with him always, and carried my book and work. I sat under a bush near him, which he covered with a shawl to protect me from the sun, and there we stayed for hours. Officers and men competed alike for the best places by the quiet pools. The general could hardly pay attention to his line, he was so interested watching the men and enjoying their pleasure. His keen sense of the ludicrous took in the comical figures as far as we could see. In cramped and uncomfortable positions, with earnest eyes fixed steadily in one place for hours, they nearly fell into the water with excitement if they chanced to draw out a tiny fish. The other men came from all along the bank to observe if any one was successful.

The waters beyond Missouri were muddy, not nice to drink, and not good homes for the better sort of fishes. Mrs. Custer gives a few characteristic traits of Indian life and customs. Here, for example, is a specimen, we presume, of what is called Fetichism:—

We encamped that night near what the Indians called "Medicine Rock"; my husband and I walked out to see it. It was a large stone, showing on the flat surface the impress of hands and feet made ages ago, before the clay was petrified. The Indians had tied bags of their herb medicine on poles about the rock, believing that virtue would enter into articles left in the vicinity of this proof of the marvels or miracles of the Great Spirit. Tin cans, spoons, and forks, that they had bought at the Agency, on account of the brightness of the metal, were left there as offerings to an unseen God.

She found that no Indian men ever did any work, except one poor wretch, who was dressed in woman's clothes and universally abhorred. He had fainted when hung up by hooks driven through the flesh of the back in the great initiation of the Sundance. After fainting he lost heart, asked to be released, and, of course, no longer counted among the men of the tribe. Mrs. Custer was present at a kind of war-dance by a friendly tribe, the Rees, and she gives this very curious account of a more than Spartan mother among the Red Men:—

In the plait of hair falling to their waists we saw sticks crossed and running through the braid. The interpreter explained that these represented "coups." Our attention was arrested at once by a little four-year-old boy, who, from time to time during the evening, was brought to the circle by his mother, and left to make his little whirling gyrations around the ring of the dancers. It was explained to us that he had won his right to join in the festivities of the tribe when the fight took place the summer before, to settle which this treaty was planned. Of the four Sioux left on the battlefield that day, one, though mortally wounded, was not yet dead when the retreat took place. A Ree squaw, knowing that it would count her child "a coup" if he put another wound in the already dying man, sent him out and incited the child to plunge a knife into the wounded warrior. As a reward he was given the privilege of joining in all celebrations, and the

right to wear an eagle feather standing straight from the scalp-lock of his tiny head. We saw the mother's eyes gleam with pride as she watched this miniature warrior admitted among the mature and experienced braves.

At this dance Mrs. Custer was offered some refreshment. She says, "It was want of tact on my part to decline; but my heart failed me when I recognized the master of the ceremonies for the evening. As he proffered me some meat, I found him to be the ferocious-looking savage who had killed his enemy from another tribe and eaten his heart warm." Perhaps one of the quaintest anecdotes in the book tells of Custer's aversion to being made a hero. He hated a foolish face of praise as much as Gordon, and once fled, and could not be found, when some Eastern tourists came on purpose to stare at him. "As soon as I had turned them away, I ran out to Mary to ask where the General really was. I had known from the first, by a twinkle in her eye, that she was helping him to escape. 'Law, Miss Libbie, the general most got sunstroke, hiding in the chicken-coop!'"

The book ends on the fatal day of Little Big Horn. Mrs. Custer does not give an account of the battle. Some interesting letters from the General are published in the appendix. We may wish that he had met a more worthy foe. No country, as it seems, could have lost a braver or better humoured man or a finer cavalry leader.

A MEDICAL TEXT-BOOK.*

A REVIEW of the progress of medical therapeutics, in so much as concerns the administration of drugs, reveals the somewhat humiliating fact that this method of cure still remains almost an art. The records left by the Egyptian physicians of ancient time clearly show how little advance has been made beyond the admirable compilations of Hippocrates, who founded an empirical system entirely based on the clinical observation of disease.

Unfortunately, his successors, blinded by mere hypotheses, instituted schools of dogmatism the influence of which has been felt in recent times, and it was not until the revival by Sydenham of the practice of his great predecessor that English medicine attained the sound practical tendency which it has since held with justly deserved confidence.

Reasonable excuse may be advanced for this delay. So complex a subject as medicine has had to wait to enable progress to be made in the collateral sciences on which it is so much dependent, and thus it is that the strides of physiology are now being closely followed by pharmacology. This consideration had evidently strongly influenced the abandonment of Dr. Brunton's early work, but little regret can be now expressed in the presence of his new volume, which, fruitful in the results of many years of arduous work, gives promise of great expectations in the supersession of empiricism by the scientific introduction of rational therapeutics.

The method of cure in disease by aiming at the removal of the effect rather than the cause is at present in most cases compulsory, but is obviously far less satisfactory than removal of the cause or its counteraction; nay more, this treating of symptoms, by engendering imperfect diagnosis, with disregard to both pathology and etiology, has been productive not only of distinct harm in inefficient hands, but of creating divers sects of therapeutists whose faulty creeds it is not too much to hope may be set at rest by the introduction of rational therapeutics.

So rapid has the progress been in experimental physiology and pathological research, and so tardy hitherto the advance made in pharmacology, that to these as causes may be traced much of the prevalent scepticism of treatment. Possibly also to these reasons may we look for the explanation that many of our more mature physicians show so great an indifference to the administration of drugs in disease, preferring rather to trust to the *vis medicatrix nature* than to the haphazard action of a pharmaceutical remedy.

The first section of the work is devoted to a very elaborate essay, in which the methods are described by which the action of drugs are determined. This has necessarily and with great advantage introduced copious references to physiology, both human and comparative, as the deductions obtained are principally demonstrated by means of experimental research on the lower animals. In answer to the outcry against experimental inquiry, Dr. Brunton advances some strong arguments in favour of this method, quoting Ranvier and Paget in support of viewing individual life in its simplest form, working in unison with the rest of the organism, and yet retaining and developing its own special mode of existence.

The discrepancies published by different observers have been advanced in support of this condemnation. This is, no doubt, due to the fault of hastily drawn conclusions from insufficient data. Tartar emetic will cause vomiting in dogs. Thus one observer concludes that tartar emetic causes vomiting in animals; another fails with the same drug to make rabbits vomit, and draws the opposite general conclusion. This discrepancy is simply due to a point of comparative anatomy; a rabbit's stomach is so situated that the animal is quite unable to vomit. Perhaps the most important objection that has been advanced is that the action of drugs on the lower animals is quite different from their action on

* *A Text-Book of Pharmacology, Therapeutics, and Materia Medica.* By T. Lauder Brunton, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

man, and that any evidence based on this method is of little value, if not absolutely misleading. This is probably true in so far as the brain is concerned, which is so much more greatly developed in man; but where the structure of an organ or tissue is the same, the action of drugs is also similar. Dr. Brunton cites the apparent difference that the inhalation of nitrite of amyl has on the circulation of different animals. In rabbits the vagus nerves normally exert but little action on the heart, whereas in dogs the same nerves are constantly exerting considerable restraining power over the heart's action. Under the influence of nitrite of amyl apparent differences in the effect on the blood pressure are most easily reconciled by experimentally dividing the vagus in the dog, and thus placing the animals on the same basis, when precisely similar results are obtained. Dr. Brunton concludes that:—

By means of experiments upon animals we are able to ascertain the action of drugs on the organs of the body which are alike in man and animals, and the very differences that exist between various sorts of animals help us to understand the action of drugs more thoroughly.

It thus seems clear to us that to draw trustworthy data from experimental pharmacology, an intimate knowledge of comparative anatomy and physiology is absolutely necessary, for numberless instances may be quoted from Dr. Brunton's work of the similar action of drugs on man and the lower animals, and of differences of action with similar differences in organism. Perhaps one of the best illustrations of the combination of inductive reasoning based on comparative anatomy, and supported by direct experimental inquiry, is in relation to the action of the kidney. Hufner compared the minute structure of that organ in fishes, tortoises, birds, and mammals, and showed that in all probability the ideas advanced theoretically by Bowman and Heidenham as to the process of its secretion were in the main correct. This probability was absolutely proved by Ribbert in a series of experimental investigations.

Enough has been quoted in support of Dr. Brunton's method of observation, and enough to support our views that this method of investigation should remain strictly in the hands of scientific men, free from the objections of those who, either from want of knowledge or want of thought, ignore the benefits which medicine derives from experiment. Dr. Brunton's keen powers of observation and large experience are happily exemplified both in reconciling the diverse statements of other experimenters, and exposing the fallacies of illogical deductions. The apparent contradiction of the action of alkalies on the bronchial secretion between Rosbach's experiments and those of clinical experience are most ably reconciled. The diverse results of Langendorf and Rosenthal on stimulation of the respiratory centre are disposed of by an equally acceptable hypothesis.

It would be quite impossible to enumerate a tithe of the carefully recorded observations in the present review, the value of which in actual practice, it is not too much to say, will be of immense benefit; as instance, perhaps, one of the most recent of Dr. Brunton's researches—on the negative action of digitalis in pyrexia. When, in consequence of high temperature, a weakening action almost amounting to paralysis is produced on the vagus centre in the medulla and on the ends of the same nerve in the heart, its inhibitory action on the heart almost ceases to be exercised. Clinical experience has shown that with high temperature the administration of digitalis no longer acts as in a normal temperature; the explanation of this anomaly has been elucidated in a series of experiments by Dr. Brunton. The practical value is obvious, to both physician and patient; the former is thus no longer disappointed with his remedy, the latter reaps the benefit of advanced science in the treatment of his malady.

In the latter section of the volume, which is devoted to a detailed explanation of the origin, preparation, and uses of pharmaceutical remedies, little reference is made to the manipulations of them as medicines. Dr. Brunton has very wisely steered clear of infringing the duties of the pharmacist; he has urged the great necessity of reorganizing the instruction in *Materia Medica*, and advocates a radical change in dealing with this subject. "It is very greatly to be regretted, for it is a stumbling-block in the way of true progress," says Dr. Brunton, "that students who have afterwards to become medical practitioners, and not pharmaceutical chemists, should be asked at examinations the quantities of crude drugs from which particular preparations are made. Medical science is now advancing in every direction, and unless we cast off some of the less useful kinds of information which medical students were formerly obliged to acquire, it becomes impossible for them to learn all that is truly valuable. In *Materia Medica* we are obliged to learn the physiological action of drugs, a subject regarding which, until quite recently, little or nothing was known."

Dr. Brunton speaks not only with the authority of a teacher, but with the experience of an examiner, and with the remarks quoted above we fully agree. If Dr. Brunton's work is influential in effecting so urgent a reform as the reconstruction of the demands by the examining bodies in *Materia Medica*, he may consider, apart from very many other valuable considerations, that his work will leave a stamp on future medical science which will associate his name with the great masters in the minds of future generations.

SIX NOVELS.*

SUCH a title as the second one adopted by Mr. Austin Pember is intended to draw attention by its singularity; and if the attention be deserved, well and good, but if it be not, it is apt to irritate those whom the oddity of the name had attracted. Which is the case with Mr. Pember's book, we must leave readers to settle for themselves. *Vieta Victrix* is a novel with a mission—namely, the denunciation of society and society journals. If we accept his views as correct on both these subjects, his mission is fairly justified—at all events, Mr. Pember makes out a strong case for himself. That society is, however, in such a bad state through and through we take leave to doubt, though at the same time we admit that a certain section of it may be found fully deserving Mr. Pember's strictures—"tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true!" Still, like everything else, there are more sides than one to be considered, and it is just as unsafe to generalize on the utter rottenness of society because one has unhappily come across some unfavourable specimens, as it would be to sound a flourish of trumpets and proclaim the instant advent of the millennium for the opposite reason.

There are people who certainly do comport themselves in the fashion denounced by our author, but to take them as a fair sample of the whole is to pay them an undeserved, though naturally not an undesired, compliment. As to society journalism, our inexperience unfits us to decide on the correctness of Mr. Pember's assertions; all we can testify to is the boldness with which he sets to work, drawing back the curtain *sans cérémonie*. Behind the scenes is as disenchanting, according to him, as it would be to go behind the actual scenes of a real theatre in broad daylight during the rehearsal of a new burlesque or a thrilling melodrama. Certainly if the lovely fairies and ideal *ingénues*, when seen through Mr. Pember's glasses, shrink into commonplace, ill-mannered dowdies, the dashing fairy princes and gallant heroes come off worse. Julian Home (not the Archdeacon's) would surely have echoed Hazael's cry, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" had any one dared to place his future life openly before him; yet his fall, gradual and slow as it is, is so well shown that the reader finds himself wondering what attraction John Evelyn could have found in such a man; and the retribution that befalls Julian at the hands of Ernestine, though but faintly foreshadowed, is thoroughly well deserved. Mary Testa, the heroine who writes and talks as surely no sane girl ever did, reminds one of the mermaid of thirty years since, a monster compounded of the halves of two different creatures deftly joined together.

With this young lady Julian Home falls in love almost at their first meeting, only, however, to fall out of love again just as quickly when her position is assailed and her beauty spoiled by smallpox. Miss Testa is certainly unlucky with her admirers, for her professional career is all but ruined and her fair fame endangered by a second lover, who takes advantage of his position as sub-editor of a society paper to wreak his spite on the woman who ventures to refuse his proffered love, availing himself of Julian Home's secretaryship for the purpose—a proceeding that helps that ingenuous youth to a very bad quarter of an hour with John Evelyn later on. By the way, there is a grim suggestiveness about the scene where Mr. Horace Tracey expounds the principle on which the staff of a society paper is chosen, for which we trust Mr. Pember is indebted to his inner consciousness.

We cannot help thinking that he rather spoils a good cause by exaggeration, and he almost leads one to imagine that he wishes really to bring discredit on the cause he professes to support by burlesquing and caricaturing the most telling arguments of its more rational supporters. Not content with letting his characters help on the mission he has at heart, Mr. Pember intersperses his story with remarks and apostrophes of his own that suggest Falstaff when he had reddened his eyes with sack to do the fuller justice to Cambyes vein.

Of *Serapis* it is almost a foregone conclusion that many pleasant things should be said. Dr. Ebers possesses so extensive a knowledge of the times and persons he treats of, that, bating a few points, coloured very probably by personal feeling, he is as reliable and impartial an authority within his own limits as it is possible to find. Under such circumstances his books cannot fail to be interesting from the varied and picturesque information they afford of the manners and customs of a day and a race long since passed away. This being granted, and it is no small praise, we encounter Dr. Ebers's weakness. As archaeologist, historian, describer of past times, which he places so vividly before his readers that he almost seems to have witnessed them himself, he is all that can be desired; but as a storyteller he is naught. It is as hard to take a living interest in his characters as it is to become excited over those of the French classics, unless when vivified by the genius of Rachel or of Sarah Bernhardt.

* *Vieta Victrix; or, a Shrug—a Hum—a Ha!* By Austin Pember, Author of "Pericles Brum" &c. London: J. & R. Maxwell.

Serapis. By George Ebers, Author of "The Emperor." From the German, by Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 1885.

Scarpante the Spy. By Jules Verne. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

Wensley; and other Stories. By Edmund Quincy. Edited by his Son, Edmund Quincy. Boston: Osgood & Co. 1885.

Into the Light. By Maud Jean Franc, Author of "Marian," "Minnie's Mission," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1885.

Two Loves in One Life. London: London Literary Society.

The *mise-en-scène* is gorgeous, the costumes and details unassailably correct; but the people are little better than puppets, with a taste for long-winded metaphysical dissertations. Dr. Ebers clothes his dead bones with beautiful flesh and appropriate garments, but he cannot breathe into them the breath of life.

There are magnificent descriptions in the book, so lifelike it seems impossible they should not be the account of an eye-witness; but it is almost always Dr. Ebers we have to thank, scarcely ever his characters. Ever the grandest scene, the destruction of Serapis by Constantine, which we are supposed to see with the eyes of the latter's lover, the beautiful pagan girl, Gorgo, suffers from this disadvantage. Nearly all the characters are ticketed, as it were, with a *résumé* of their virtues and failings; and we accept their characteristics dutifully, more anxious to reach the really splendid descriptions with which *Serapis* abounds than mindful of the story that serves as a peg on which to hang them. In truth, the idol Serapis is the real hero of the book, and every scene in which it appears is most interesting. The struggle between the supporters of the two religions, Christian and pagan, is a curious psychological study, but would be just as exciting were the contending parties called Catholic and Protestant. In fact, bating a little *couleur locale*, if Dr. Ebers be a correct exponent of the sentiments of those days, it is only fresh proof of the truth contained in the French saying, "Plus ça change, plus c'est le même." The feelings that actuate the fanatic monks and the rabid anchorites in Dr. Ebers's book, and lead to the overthrow of the beautiful statue of Serapis and its magnificent temple, are precisely the same that centuries later caused the destruction or mutilation of our old cathedrals and shrines in the days of Puritan triumph.

The two most sympathetic characters are the gentle old deacon Eusebius and the country gentleman, as we should call him, Demetrius. Eusebius cannot square his large-minded belief in God's love and mercy with the hard-and-fast lines insisted on by the rigidly orthodox Bishop Theodosius and his followers, and so gets into trouble from not realizing that a heretic Christian, however good or necessitous, is more utterly beyond the pale of Christian sympathy and tolerance than the very worst heathen. In fact, it is impossible to avoid fancying that this is one of the cases where Dr. Ebers's personal feelings have come into play, and thus endowed the character with a life otherwise wanting. Demetrius is refreshing by contrast with the demure good behaviour of the rest, who even in their naughtiness, to use a nursery phrase, contrive to retain an exasperating amount of propriety. He is the heathen stepson of a painfully holy widow, whose acidulated religion and ardent longing for the canonization of her deceased and, to say the least, doubtfully Christian spouse are sources of mingled despair and mischievous amusement to the frank young pagan. The way in which he gains his pious step-dame's consent to the marriage of her son, his half-brother, to the pretty singer Dada, by working on her religious vanity, is amusingly told, and makes one wish Dr. Ebers would drop some of his metaphysics and devote a little more attention to the elaboration of his characters, which, as they are at present, are little beyond pegs on which to hang any particular detail or theory the author may wish to accentuate. Granted that this may not be altogether so lofty a study as metaphysics, still the mind of man (and of some women, too, even yet) is occasionally frivolous, and to such *Serapis* will be rather tough reading, even if the trouble be rewarded by the admirably described scenes in the Serapeum, the Circus, and the Canopic Way.

Of the translator's work all that can be said is that it is excellent. German is not easy to render adequately into English, yet *Serapis* reads so smoothly and evenly in its well-fitting English dress that, whilst thoroughly realizing and enjoying the Teutonic tone and character of the book, we forget to wonder how it is the involved German sentences are so easy of comprehension.

From *Serapis* to *Scarpante the Spy* is an amusingly wide jump. We leap from the long and generally heavily-weighted sentences of Dr. Ebers to the short sharp utterances of M. Jules Verne, that seem jerked out by the exasperated skipper of a river steamer or an emphatic drill sergeant of the old school.

Scarpante the Spy, we are told, the sequel to *Keraban the Inflexible*, and is of the same kindred as the rest of the stories M. Verne seems to reel off with such facility. This particular book seems intended for the diffusion of a little general classical knowledge regarding more or less moribund cities in Asia Minor, for the story is even thinner than usual, and as to information respecting the manners of the people seen by the travellers there is none simply. In fact this book, to use the language of a primmer age, "may be safely placed in the hands of ingenuous youth"; and, if they do not get much fun, neither will they get much harm out of it, and that is always something.

The next book on our list, *Wensley; and other Stories*, is pleasantly written. It is an American story, and relates to a time now seldom thought of, the period immediately after the establishment of the American Republic, and the prejudices and quaint ways are cleverly shown without thrusting them too much forward. It is a commonplace story enough as far as the story itself goes, but the freshness and unconventionality of the surroundings fully atone for this slight defect. We may mention that there is not the slightest resemblance to the modern school of American novel-writers—in fact it reads more like a sketch of Hawthorne's than aught else we know. The "Other Stories" mentioned in the title are two sketches—one in very black ink on the horrors and demoralization resulting from slavery, the other an anecdote, how far founded on fact we know not, of Malibran.

Into the Light is another book *d'outremer*, apparently from Australia this time, though for any particular local colouring it might refer to anywhere or nowhere. Judging by the list given of the author's works she must have some experience, and presumably have found an appreciative public, though we confess never even to have heard of any of her works before. There seems to be some sort of demand for this kind of sentimental but very indefinite theology, judging by the supply, though to many persons the pseudo-religion of this and similar books must be little short of offensive. Miss Franc is evidently one of those who keep before them as their watchword the Apostle's saying to "be instant in season, out of season," and is particularly fervent, we should say, in her attention to the latter half of the text, somewhat to the neglect of the former portion.

The autobiographical heroine, who has apparently never had any religious teaching whatever, suddenly develops a desire for religion, which she accordingly "experiences," and, let us add, makes her surroundings experience it, in a fashion that in real life would not be quite so satisfactory in its results to the priggish Bessie as Miss Franc describes it to have been in the pious Utopia inhabited by this young lady and her obliging relatives.

Two Loves in One Life is in two volumes, which is a distinct gain on the ordinary spun-out three-volume style. The story is pretty, though occasionally it skates on very thin ice; but as no one actually falls in, it is all right. The author is somewhat negative. Hubert Leighton's death is intelligible enough and is well told; but why Sybil should be sacrificed passes our comprehension, except on the above hypothesis. Strange to say, the women are by far the best in the book; the men are nothing like so natural. Lady Elizabeth is particularly well done. Mrs. Broughton, the female villain in a very mild way, is the least satisfactory character, evidently evolved from the inner consciousness of a mind well acquainted with Becky Sharp and with reminiscences of French *intrigantes*. The book belongs to the order of "pretty" stories, and will serve to pass an idle hour for those who like melancholy.

MANUAL OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

MR. JAN HELENUS FERGUSON'S *Manual of International Law* is not a scientific treatise on the law of nations, but a compendium of the various matters of international, public, and commercial law which it may be convenient for diplomatists, consuls, and naval officers to refer to in remote parts of the world. It belongs to the class of books whose practical utility varies in inverse proportion to the neighbourhood of a good library. Thus it contains chapters not only on so-called private international law, but on mercantile law and usage in general. It also contains, by way of appendices and otherwise, a somewhat miscellaneous selection of treaties, declarations, and other State papers of international interest. All or most of the documents of first-rate importance (as the Declaration of Paris and the Geneva Convention) will be found set out somewhere in the book. The introductory chapters on the origin of law and the like semi-philosophical topics are perhaps not altogether in place in a practical work of this kind. Still, if a consular agent in Peking or Hong-Kong is curious to know something about philosophical theories of the law of nations, he may be glad to find that also here. In any case, he will probably be able to carry about with him in this work a wider range of the kind of technical information he is likely to want than in any other two volumes extant. Mr. Ferguson has gone to the right authorities in every part of the subject; and, so far as we can judge from a cursory inspection, he has epitomized them with care and competence. He advocates the abandonment of the belligerent right of capturing private property at sea—an opinion for which there is much to be said, and which in Mr. Ferguson's mouth is not open to the objection that it is delivered in the interest of a great military Power. Altogether the work seems well fitted for its expressed purpose of supplying "a manual for practical use and ready reference in the hands of those who have no occasion or time to consult elaborate text-books."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. D'HAUSSONVILLE says pleasantly that he cannot write memoirs, but he thinks he can give a few reminiscences (1). If the books to which the title of memoirs has been allowed without scruple were examined, it would hardly, we think, be found that the definition of admission is as stringent as that of the Chapter of Remiremont. This famous Chapter, as we are reminded here, required sixty-four quarterings of nobility, and the Haussouilles themselves, who previously had the entrée, were excluded from it owing to a marriage with the great House of Harcourt—the Harcourts having been snatched with *réture* by a mésalliance with the daughter of Louvois. M. d'Haussonville's present volume only goes from 1814 to 1830, but it contains some interesting first-hand information about a good many interesting people—especially Talleyrand and Chateaubriand—and some interesting things, such as the coronation of Charles X. and the

* *Manual of International Law for the Use of Navies, Colonies, and Consulates.* By Jan Helenus Ferguson, Minister of the Netherlands in China, &c. 2 vols. London: Whittingham & Co.

(1) *Ma jeunesse.* Par le Comte d'Haussonville. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

immortal first night of *Hernani*. On this latter occasion we regret to say that M. d'Haussonville, young as he was, and though he was apparently in the possession of red tickets, admits that he sat in the seat of the scorner and narrowly escaped severe bodily chastisement from the faithful. Even more interesting is the collection of necessarily second-hand but not less trustworthy anecdotes about the author's immediate forbears and their experiences in the Revolution, the Emigration, the Empire, and the invasions of 1814-1815. How one great English nobleman hospitably established all comers of the monastic orders in his park, only requiring them occasionally to appear in full dress and brevity in hand so as to present a picturesque spectacle; how M. d'Haussonville's own father and three other exiles took a driving tour through England and Scotland nearly a hundred years ago in a "petit gig," with no servants, and many other such things, are told with much spirit. Some anecdotes of the special French restaurant which was established in London for the refugees make us wish that somebody would make this singular hostelry the subject of a special rummage and embody all that can be found out about it in a monograph. It had, we are told, a La Rochefoucauld for waiter, and the aristocratic but impoverished customers used to indulge in half-portioned of haricots at a penny the portion. The whole book, though of course not entirely level in interest, is written with a light touch and with much evidence of humour. Thus, after mentioning an incident in Napoleon's life which occurred on his own estates, M. d'Haussonville remarks with great frankness that he has long meditated putting some memorial on the spot. But under the Empire it would have looked like currying favour, and that would have been dishonourable. Under the Republic it would look like a protest against the existing Constitution, and that might be dangerous. So the spot goes unmarked, and, admitting the validity of similar arguments, is likely long so to go.

We own frankly to very considerable doubts of the efficacy and value of Mr. Tarver's method for teaching colloquial French (2). It consists simply of a series of passages (chiefly from plays), with what is intended for an idiomatic rather than a literal English translation on the opposite page, and occasionally, but rarely, a note. Now, in the first place, we venture to question the possibility of acquiring colloquial French by reading the *Malade imaginaire* and *Athalie*, both of which are represented here. In the second place, if we know anything of youth, the translation alone will be read by the average boy and girl, while those who attend to the French at all will pay little heed to the English. Lastly, we must honestly say that, if these two objections are waived, the English version ought to have been very much more idiomatic, and sometimes very much more exact, than it is. "Le fils de M. Diafoirus" scarcely, we think, represents, either in colloquial or in literary French, "Dr. Diafoirus and his son"; nor is "I set myself up" a full equivalent of "Je me suis mis dans mes meubles." Of course we must not be understood as saying that Mr. Tarver gives nothing lighter or more modern than Racine and Molière, or that his slips of translation are constant. Some newspaper cuttings, and a piece (or two) which is rather obscurely attributed to an author called "Actualité," but which (Actualité being dismissed to rank with Anon) we may take to be Mr. Tarver's own, are well enough suited to their purpose if they had not been translated, or if hints only for the cruces had been given instead of full translation. M. Delbos's *Précieuses Ridicules* (3) ranges very fairly with the rest of his series of French plays, the notes being full, and for the most part judiciously selected; the introductory matter a little thin.

A most ferocious-looking hostelry, with owls, bats, lightning, and other fearful wild-fowl playing about it, on the cover of M. Mahalin's book (4) prepares the reader what to expect. It contains the history of the agreeable family of Arnould, licensed victuallers by trade, who, after murdering about sixty travellers, finish off by trying to murder each other. M. Mahalin has done his blood-and-thunder with zest and vigour, and his action and conversation are good. But he is a little rough at the finer strokes of the romance, and rather "squanders" his pity and terror. Blood-and-thunder, however, as the volume is, it is quite wholesome and sweet beside the morbid and unreal passion of *Césarín Audoly* (5). M. Blache writes not ill, has some grasp of character and situation, and is not tainted with the worst faults of naturalism. But his hero, who lets himself be fallen in love with rather than falls in love, and finally commits suicide in a ghastly but poor-spirited kind of way because he has not brains or resolution enough to live, is a miserable creature. *Ilia Starkoff* (6) deserves a word or two to say that it is not of the ordinary Russian novels which flood Parisian libraries. *La vocation de Valentin* (7) is anti-clerical, but not of the most ferocious kind, and has some pathos. *Jean de Courteil* (8) and *Mademoiselle Vermont* (9) have this in common, that they begin well and end unsatisfactorily.

(2) *Colloquial French*. By H. Tarver. London: Williams & Norgate.
(3) *Molière's Précieuses ridicules*. Par Léon Delbos. London: Williams & Norgate.

(4) *L'hôtellerie sanglante*. Par Paul Mahalin. Paris: Tresse.
(5) *Césarín Audoly*. Par Noël Blache. Paris: Ollendorff.
(6) *Ilia Starkoff*. Par Tony Feroe. Paris: Perrin.
(7) *La vocation de Valentin*. Par L. de Soudak. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(8) *Jean de Courteil*. Par F. Antony. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
(9) *Mademoiselle Vermont*. Par Philippe Chaperon. Paris: Lemerre.

Both show talent, however, and, as the name of the one writer is nearly, and that of the other quite, unknown to us, good may come of them. *Fiamma* (10) we can only describe as a book of overstrained, though not particularly objectionable, sentiment.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE friends of the farmer are never so numerous and active as when agriculture is depressed. Advice and remedies abound not less varied than conflicting. Some writers would completely revolutionize present systems, while the panacea of others is summed up in one word—jam. Mr. Henry P. Dunster's *How to Make the Land Pay* (Longmans & Co.) will attract farmers by its title. The majority of farmers would only too gladly learn how to reverse the present deplorable state of farming. It is to be feared they will find Mr. Dunster's readable little book more suggestive than encouraging. To carry out successfully any of Mr. Dunster's suggestions requires capital; and farmers are not capitalists. Those who find the land does not pay have their capital already fully invested, and are not in the least prepared to start rabbit-farming, or any of the new industries advocated by Mr. Dunster. Even Free-traders may regret that a sum of nearly thirty-eight millions is yearly paid to foreigners for farm and garden produce. Most farmers would acknowledge that much might be done to reduce this outflow of money, on the exact lines indicated by Mr. Dunster; but their hands are tied, and several successive good seasons, with good markets, are needed to free them.

The question of capital concerns also those about to emigrate, according to Mr. F. J. Rowbotham, the author of *A Trip to Prairie-Land* (Sampson Low & Co.) The first part of Mr. Rowbotham's book is of little interest and no practical value; the second supplies a sad but wholesome corrective to the ardent emigrant. It is a powerful anti-climax to the rosy visions depicted by certain American Railroad Companies and Land Agencies. The writer's experience of farming in northern Dakota is melancholy, but it bears the impress of truth.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, in his *Souvenirs of some Continents* (Macmillan & Co.), tells the varied and picturesque story of his many wanderings. Reprints of the familiar articles of the War Correspondent are combined with several new papers, less stirring and lurid, but not less vivacious and graphic. The result is an agreeable diversity. From the brilliant pictures that show how fields were won it is pleasant to turn to lighter matters, to the delightful humour of "The American Gentleman with the Moist Eye" and the paper descriptive of American society.

The American boy whose passion for the sea is eventually gratified is not very unlike the English boy, though his apprenticeship is different. This is well illustrated by Mr. H. H. Clark's *Boy Life in the U.S. Navy* (Boston: Lothrop & Co.) Cooper is not more unlike Marryat than the experience of Joe Bentley, the boy hero of Mr. Clark's story, differs from that of the numerous heroes of Kingston. The aspiration is the same in both cases; but the circumstances of enlistment, the discipline and routine of service, differ not a little. There is plenty of adventure in Mr. Clark's book, though the interest of the book will be found less in the incidents than in the graphic sketches of boy character and the truthful presentment of an apprentice's life in the American navy. If it were not for this fidelity there would be nothing to commend in the story, for it is sadly wanting in marine atmosphere and inspiration.

Mr. W. J. Loftie's *Lessons in the Art of Illumination* (Blackie & Son) is a timely reminder of the neglect of an exquisite art. Seven centuries sufficed to perfect this beautiful alliance of design and handwriting, and now the miracles of invention bequeathed to us are the wonder and despair of artists, while the very pigments employed are the subject of much critical investigation. A paper was lately read by Professor W. N. Hartley, before the Royal Society of Dublin, on the chemical constituents of the colours used in the ancient MSS. of *The Book of Kells*. Some of these brilliant and audacious designs have also lately been copied in the flax-thread embroideries worked by Irish cottagers in accordance with Mrs. Ernest Hart's laudable scheme. In Mr. Loftie's book specimens of these illuminations are admirably reproduced in colour from drawings by Mr. J. A. Burt, with a number of very choice examples from the British and South Kensington Museums and Lambeth Palace. Mr. Loftie's historical sketch of the art and his practical instructions merit the grateful acknowledgments of students and enhance the value of an excellent handbook.

The new edition in three volumes of Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Poems* (Macmillan & Co.) includes all the poetical works of the author, with the advantage of a skilful classification that preserves the natural sequences of the various groups of poems.

Considerably augmented, the new edition of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates* (Ward, Lock, & Co.) more than ever justifies its place among books of reference, first in accuracy, conciseness, and general utility.

To people absorbed in questions of higher education something of a revelation is provided by *Infants' School Drill, with Music*, arranged by Winifred Wilson (Griffith, Farran, & Co.). Two hundred infants at Alnwick have for five years followed the ingenious system here divulged. They go through their drill to the

(10) *Fiamma*. Par André Moutézy. Paris: Ollendorff.

inspiring strains of old national airs; the music and illustrative diagrams are given in the text. *A Kindergarten Drawing-Book*, by T. E. Rooper (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is another elementary book of the same series and character.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT has been REMOVED from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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May 1885.

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